

A CHOICE OF LIFE AND DEATH

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE result of the General Election which took place on Saturday will not be known for another week, but some political issues are fairly clear, even though, in the absence of all provision for securing a fair reflection of opinion, they may not appear in the new Parliament. The first is the universal hatred of Conscription, sufficiently signified by the Prime Minister's repeated attempts to disown it. The second is the vehement opposition of Labor to a war, or a camouflaged war, with revolutionary Russia. The third is the success of Mr. George's "stunt" that Germany must pay the whole cost of the war, which is irrecoverable, and the consequent pursuit of a hopeless quest, fraught with division among the Allies, and the danger of bringing a League of Nations to nothing. The fourth is the smallness of the polls, and the prospect that if the Government is replaced in power it will represent a minority of the electorate. This is the most serious of all the results, for it practically invalidates the new House of Commons before it has begun to sit.

APPARENTLY, England is well on the way to exchanging a war against Germany for a war against Russia. And it is no longer much use to say that we are fighting against the Bolsheviks for Russia. The Bolsheviks have now maintained themselves for fourteen months. The Czechs, who were regarded as the most likely instruments of their overthrow, have lost all stomach for the fight in the Urals because it began to be too counter-revolutionary for their liking. On the whole, therefore, the Bolsheviks have strengthened their position. The method by which Admiral Koltchak elevated himself to the dictatorship in Siberia certainly does not suggest that he has a better claim than Lenin to rule his country. Meanwhile, as the position of the Bolsheviks grows stronger (not least owing to our intervention), more and more British soldiers are shipped off to the Arctic and Siberia to take part in a war that may never end. The British fleet is engaged in bombarding the Bolshevik troops as they advance into Esthonia; another is cruising before the Black Sea ports, sequestering the Russian

fleet, in order that it may be handed over to the "orderly" government which may never come. "Vorwarts" contains a categorical report of a proclamation issued by the Allied naval commander in which he is said to have declared the Bolsheviks outlaws, so that if they are captured they are not to be treated as prisoners of war (in a war that has never been declared), but as offenders against martial law, and therefore to be shot. We find it impossible to believe in the authenticity of this proclamation. But our action and commitments in Russia are so ill-defined that there is a danger that an Allied commander may behave as irresponsibly as the statesmen.

MEANWHILE, Lord Milner, who is the only member of the War Cabinet to take any account of public opinion, has at last issued a defence of the Government's Russian policy, or adventure, or war, coupled with a statement of its purpose. Neither is clear or satisfactory. It is not, for example, the fact, as Lord Milner alleges, that the collapse of Roumania was due to the Bolsheviks. It really occurred under the rule of the Tsar, before even Kerensky, and nothing that the Bolsheviks could have done would have stayed it. Nor is it accurate to say that the Czecho-Slovaks "only desired to get out of Russia," and that it was the Bolsheviks' attack on them which alone kept them there. Surely Lord Milner is aware of the pressure applied to the Czecho-Slovaks not only to stay in Russia, but to assist in putting down the Bolshevik movement, or at least to keep up some kind of resistance to Germany. The latter was, of course, an object of the Alliance so long as the German armies held the field. It ceased from the moment when those armies were dispersed and the war came to an end.

As to the object of pursuing a war which is no war, though it keeps thousands of British soldiers from their homes and their well-earned rest, and is in effect, and even in form, an unlawful employment of men who enlisted against autocratic Germany and not against revolutionary Russia, Lord Milner gives us no real satisfaction. No British soldiers, he says, are to be kept in Russia "a day longer than is necessary to discharge the moral obligations we have incurred." These moral obligations we have incurred to those Russians who have fought on our side. As to this, two courses are possible. We can either negotiate for their safety with the Bolsheviks, who are pressing for peace; or we can fight on till we have destroyed the Bolsheviks. This would seem to be the real mind of the Government, for Lord Milner adds that if we withdraw now the reign of Bolshevik "barbarism" will spread to "vast regions" of Northern and Central Asia. This would seem to mean that we are in for war with Bolshevik Russia. If so, we think that the country will have a word to say.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG has returned to a country which has been, to some extent, deliberately kept in ignorance of his value. His conduct in the earlier part of the campaign has been fittingly acknowledged

by his commander, Lord French; and his work on the Marne we can still record as brilliant and bold; so brilliant indeed that if he had been suitably supported by the 5th French Army it is possible that the terrible battles of the Aisne might never have occurred. In the crisis of Ypres he showed himself cool and steadfast when the whole of the Allied plan was crumbling. But the great tests which history will apply to him are the campaigns of the Somme, of Passchendaele, and against Ludendorff. We cannot but feel that the two first are liable to be under-estimated because subsequent events have shown them to be fundamentally unsound. But we must remember that the plan of each was assented to by our Allies, and we cannot yet assess their precise value in the general reduction of the elaborate German war organization. They played their part, that we can now be certain; and Haig was not responsible for the late beginning of the Passchendaele campaign which robbed it of its greater success. Nor were the battles of the Passchendaele series unduly expensive when the Commander-in-Chief was able to trust to an able general like Plumer.

* * *

In the Ludendorff offensive Haig was left to cope with an attack he knew he could not withstand except by something like a miracle. The collapse was foredoomed; but the recovery was magnificent. The Commander-in-Chief was able to exact almost superhuman efforts from his commanders and men. He sent Rawlinson in August through the German lines to Chaulnes at a bound, and later Plumer to Bapaume. He crumpled up the Hindenburg line like an egg-shell; and at length, under what Foch appropriately called his "hammer blows," the Germans were left with the certain knowledge that they could nowhere withstand the British assaults. These last battles were the greatest victories in our history. They gave us a military prestige never surpassed in the many wars we have shared in. It is to Sir Douglas Haig that we must attribute the building up of this military organization before which even the German power fell. He has stood a little shadowy behind his creation. He has been self-effacing to a fault. But he had the power of inspiring his subordinates, and he has shown that he knew how to move a greater army than we have ever had before, which is of the same order as the armies of the great military Powers, France and Germany. If we cannot attribute to him the genius of a Foch, he challenges comparison with any other General of the war, and he must go down to history at the head of our great commanders

* * *

THE evidence that the German revolution will develop peacefully accumulates. In spite of the opportunity for agitation offered to the Spartacus group in Berlin by the affray of December 6th, the Extremists seem to be steadily losing ground. The danger was that in the excited atmosphere of the riots they would succeed in gaining control of the Independent Socialist Party, in which they have so far been an alien, irritant body. Happily, the Independents, instead of wavering, decided that a more resolute support of the Ebert-Haase Government was necessary. All the six People's Commissaries, save Barth, voted for the convocation of a National Assembly on a franchise which may fairly be said to be the most democratic in the world. Now, at a general congress held in Berlin, the Independents have decided to endorse the action of the Government, and to vote for the National Assembly. This decision involves a complete split with the Spartacus group, whose programme is purely Bolshevik, and aims at establishing the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils as the permanent machinery of government. Thus the Extremists are now isolated. The overwhelming rejection of the proposal to invite Rosa Luxembourg and Liebknecht to participate in the all-German Congress of Workers' and Soldiers' Councils shows how extremely small is their support even on the bodies which they propose to perpetuate. The Ebert-Haase Government has played a courageous and cool-headed part in circumstances of infinite difficulty.

WE are glad to be able to print Sir F. E. Smith's powerful argument in favor of the thesis that "International law exists," and consequently that the Kaiser may properly be tried for violating it. With all deference to his considerable authority, we think that his argument proves rather that international law ought to exist than that it does exist. *Ubi societas ibi jus*. But was there a society? It is because there was not that we would make a League of Nations. Moreover, the outbreak of war is commonly held to suspend the ordinary social obligations. Sir Herbert Stephen in the "Times" argues convincingly that the Kaiser cannot have committed an indictable offence. That means an offence for which a man may be punished by regulated proceedings in a Court that already exists. "In international law there is no such Court and no such proceedings, and therefore no such offence." The Hague Convention certainly forbade the violation of neutral territory. But it did not say what is to happen to belligerents if they do so. It did not pretend to order that anybody should be punished for anything.

* * *

THE case for trying the Kaiser, if frankly stated, is rather that civilization *ought* to make such offences indictable, ought to set up a Court to try them, and should not miss this occasion of making a precedent. To that the substantial answer is, we think, that no fair Court can be constituted in present conditions, and that to create a partisan or unfree Court would injure the majesty of law far more seriously than an honest admission that civilization is not yet equipped for these emergencies. No one will contend that a Court composed of belligerents could try its arch-enemy fairly. If there is to be a fair Court, it must be nominated by neutrals. They might try to be impartial, but dare they face the weight of the Entente's displeasure? Either they would in fact dread the consequences to themselves of a verdict (on strictly legal grounds) that no indictable offence had been or could be committed, or else they would be suspected of having been influenced by this motive of prudence. Three unobjectionable courses are open to us. (1) To make the waging of lawless war an indictable offence for the future, *i.e.*, to create the court and the legislature to deal with it. (2) To set up an expert commission of lawyers and historians to take evidence and examine documents in order to establish the responsibility for the war. (3) The League of Nations might take administrative (not judicial) action to assign to the Kaiser a residence less obviously objectionable than Holland.

* * *

THE Belgian demands upon Holland are becoming more definite. The Belgian contention, expounded in an official statement from Brussels, is that Holland was given Limburg and the left bank of the Scheldt in 1839 as the price of her undertaking the defence of Belgium. The war has shown that Holland is unable and unwilling to defend Belgium. Therefore, Limburg and the left bank of the Scheldt must be given back to her. Unfortunately for the Belgian claim, it is based upon a misstatement of the facts of history. Everybody knows that the "scrap of paper" of 1839 was a treaty by which the Great Powers guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. Holland did not, and was not called upon, to undertake to defend Belgium, and the theory that she received Limburg and the left bank of the Scheldt as her reward does not hold for a moment. The Belgian official statement goes on to declare that any refusal on the part of Holland to give these provinces to Belgium would be "pure chauvinism." Germany might as well have accused Belgium of chauvinism because it resolved to resist the passage of her armies in 1914. Belgium may desire a readjustment of her status in view of the changed conditions brought about by the war; if that is the case, she should make representations at the Peace Conference. But the method by which these claims are put forward is not defensible. If Luxembourg wishes to exchange her status for the Belgian association, she can say so. But the act must be hers.

THE "Temps" is angry with M. Cachin for having laid stress in the "Humanité" on the differing tone of M. Poincaré's speech of welcome as compared with President Wilson's reply. Yet nothing could be more striking than the difference between the temper of the two statesmen. M. Poincaré's was the clever speech of a clever man. The American troops, he suggested, did not know the enormity of the German crimes, until they saw them with their own eyes. The President of the U.S.A. was in a like case. He would not only be able to see for himself, but would be furnished by the French Government with authentic documents to prove that the devastation was deliberate. France had not made her untold sacrifices to be exposed to such aggression again. The Allies must now together build "such a peace as will forbid the deliberate and hypocritical renewal of an organism aiming at conquest and oppression." The association of the Allies was the germ of the League of Nations, the object of which is to afford the mutual support which alone can make not right, but the rights of the Allies prevail. There was, alas! no hope that mankind will be spared the horror of future wars. Before the war the hope might have been possible, but now that the war to end wars had been fought and won, there was none.

* * *

It was, as we have said, a clever speech, a typical product of French diplomacy. Never did the French President desert the purely national standpoint or open his eyes to a new world which might be better than the old. The League of Nations is to be the armed alliance of the Entente for the purpose of ensuring the permanence of the peace they impose. But if M. Poincaré's speech was clever, Mr. Wilson's was something above cleverness. To each of the French President's national points he gave an international scope. His own views, he declared, were not in any sense personal; they were an attempt to speak the thought of the American people and carry it out in action. From the first, the American people had aimed at more than the mere winning of this war. That was not enough. It had to be won and its problems settled in such a way as to ensure the peace and freedom of all the nations of the world. He appreciated as much as M. Poincaré the necessity of making the final settlement so that everyone would know that a just punishment awaited acts of terror and spoliation. The American Army was confident that its ideals were acceptable to all free peoples. The ties binding America and France were peculiarly close; and it would be a daily pleasure for him to be brought into contact with French statesmen in concerting measures by which "the world at large can be secured such safety and freedom in its life as can be secured only by the constant association and co-operation of friends."

* * *

In his reply to the address of the French Socialists—the mere act of replying was significant enough—Mr. Wilson again set forth his creed. The war had been indeed a people's war; it had thrown an unforgettable light upon the consequences of arbitrary and irresponsible power. Its aim had been to exclude these from the world for ever. This could only be done, according to the conviction of all reasonable men, by a co-operation of the nations based upon fixed and definite covenants, "which shall be made certain of effective action through the instrumentality of a League of Nations." He believed this to be the view of the leaders of the French nation, and he looked forward to co-operating with them in establishing such a peace of right-dealing as would cause men to look back upon the sacrifices of the war "as the dramatic and final processes of their emancipation." The democratic idealist, who has lately been living through some lean days, must see, with satisfaction, that the President, upon whom his hopes rest, is standing his ground.

* * *

THE Italians are much disturbed at the thought that they may be neglected in the distribution of spoils. We

are told that Italian opinion is "much irritated" by the belated action of the Allies in preventing them from carrying out a single-handed occupation of the strategical points which belong to the South Slavs. Unfortunately, the utterances of Mr. George do not make it particularly easy for England to rebuke her Allies. Signor Orlando has declared that Italy intended to remain faithful to President Wilson's programme, but that "he was unable to say up to what point." Signor Tittoni, the ex-Foreign Minister, gives us a clue. He assumes that Italy is to have all the Adriatic islands; demands that Italy should receive just as much in Asia Minor as any of her Allies; and expects that Italy should be compensated in Libya, Somaliland, and Eritrea for any acquisitions France or England may make in Africa. Meanwhile the Jugo-Slav council at Agram, in agreement with the new South Slav government announces its intention to request President Wilson directly to apply his principles in the Italo-Slav dispute. On the other hand, a considerable section of the Italian press criticises France for its action in the Adriatic, where not a few illuminating incidents connected with the hauling down of flags have lately been occurring. The only possibility of the Entente putting an end to these disputes is that each country should make up its mind to have its own hands clean. If the suggestion that France may claim the purely German Saar Valley is to be allowed, it is hypocritical to object to the Italian claims. Once the clear principles of justice are ignored, inter-allied jealousy is inevitable.

THE situation * * * in Portugal and Spain is disturbed in the extreme. The assassination of the Portuguese President, Sidonio Paes, is probably rather a symptom of the condition of political turmoil into which the Portuguese Republic has fallen than an event of significance in itself. President Paes secured power by a military *coup d'état*, and was always liable to be summarily ejected from his position. The latest reports indicate that his assassination was due to a carefully planned conspiracy in which a section of the Freemasons played a prominent part. Without hazarding a guess as to the nature of the political forces in conflict, we may assume that conditions in Portugal have begun to approximate to those of a Central American republic: administrative collapse varied by dictatorship. It seems that the same process threatens Spain also. The soundest and most progressive province of the country, Catalonia, is determined upon administrative separation. The Catalonian members have publicly left the Chamber in Madrid to assemble in Barcelona, and their arrival there was celebrated by a serious revolutionary outbreak. The Central Government is unable either to resist the movement or to sanction the Catalonian demands. The only result is that it will be still further discredited.

THE "Echo de Paris" * * * published last Saturday an interesting despatch from its correspondent with the British Army, M. Jean Clair-Guyot, who wrote from Cologne. M. Clair-Guyot had already remarked the friendly attitude towards Frenchmen of the inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle, and he said that the disposition of the people of Cologne was much the same. There were perhaps more people at Cologne than at Aix-la-Chapelle that showed resentment at the foreign occupation, but M. Clair-Guyot gave examples of the eagerness of many of them to make themselves agreeable and even to be of service. M. Clair-Guyot throws no doubt on the sincerity of the sentiments generally expressed at Cologne and elsewhere in Germany. They seemed to him to reveal a people which never wanted war, had no hatred of the French, and was so glad to have peace and be rid of its rulers that it was indifferent to defeat. They also revealed a remarkable absence of ultra-patriotism and arrogant nationalism. The inference was that patriotism was weaker in Germany than in most countries, and that the soil was ready for Internationalism. That was, indeed, the opinion of a few shrewd foreign observers before the war.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TESTING POINT FOR LABOR.

"I was addressing a meeting of miners in one of the little villages of Lanarkshire. The place was typical—a few rows of houses facing black heaps of slag, beyond them the mouth of the pit. The meeting was in a little rude hall. It was an afternoon meeting held for the men who later in the day would be down the pit. There were a few women present. They sat together and appeared a little shy at being found at a political meeting with their men. There was one exception. They sat around a woman who had evidently brought them to the meeting. She was like a figure from the French Revolution. She was tall and gaunt, with black burning eyes, and sat for the most part with folded arms. Sometimes she applauded. Once or twice she shouted out. The other half-dozen women watched her attitude and copied it, sharing in her demonstrations shyly at first, but with increasing confidence as the meeting went on.

"The meeting came to its end and the men walked towards the pit. The women remained and their leader came forward and held my arm. 'Come with me,' she said. 'We want to show you where we live.' She kept hold of my wrist, as though afraid I should refuse, and we left the hall side by side, the other women following. 'I will show you my own house first,' the woman continued, 'You shall see where my man and our six children live.' 'Ours is just the same,' came from the little group behind us.

"I was led to the foot of a flight of stone steps in the open air. Each step was broken and it was difficult to stand upright upon them. The protecting handrail had rotted away and there was nothing to prevent the children running up and down the steps from falling off if they stumbled. At the top of the steps I entered the woman's home. It consisted of one room, which served every purpose for a family of eight.

" 'This is my home,' the woman said quietly, and then, one by one, she described the details. There was no water supply. Every drop of water used in the house had to be fetched from a common pump some distance away and brought up the broken stairs in all weathers. There was no drainage of any kind from the room. All dirty water had to be carried down the steps and poured into an open sewer at their foot, the smell from which was always in the house. There was no lighting. There was no oven or other facilities for cooking beyond three bars between rough bricks. The room contained two beds and to provide a little space in the centre of the room, they were pushed against the walls which were covered with fungus, the result of damp. Except for a small box in the room, there was no provision for storing coal, and it had to be bought in tiny quantities.

" 'Now come outside again and see how we have to wash our children's clothes.' I followed the woman down the crazy steps. In front of us was a piece of waste ground. They explained to me how they collected a few stones upon it, lit a fire between them, and boiled their clothes over it in a pot. This in all weathers.

"We were now joined by an old miner. He had been injured in the mine a few years ago and now hobbled about, a cripple. He drew me aside from the women. 'There's something else you ought to know,' he whispered. 'There are no closets for these houses; that's the only place for the entire row.' He pointed to a broken down building, on one side of which was a shoot for the ashes and house refuse. 'It's always too filthy to use. We don't go near it in the dark.'

"I rejoined the women. They stood at the foot of the steps in a swamp of mud, for around their homes there was no paving of any kind, and the passage through the swamp whenever they entered or came out was unescapable. 'There's no polling station for us here. We've to walk three miles to Lowaters,' the leader said, 'BUT WE SHALL BE THERE.'"—Letter from a Candidate.

It is significant that the hour of Britain's military triumph should also mark the indifference, the scepticism, of her politics. The election which has just closed has, it is thought, drawn no more than 50 per cent. of the voters to the polls. Many are compulsory absentees. The Army has been morally disfranchised; and its material vote must be small. And with the pith of the nation thus extracted the civilian voting has, with one exception, been a lifeless affair. Mr. George aimed at a round of applause; he has got a shrug of the shoulders. Enthusiasm in our politics is generated by Liberalism

or Labor. He has destroyed the one force in the act of using it to disable the other. There remain the interests. In Britain it is always possible to work on the unimaginative fears of the rich, the inexperience of new voters, or the conservatism of the old. All these he has exploited, and the passion of war has afforded him still richer pasture. The Prime Minister might have used the occasion to teach a great people how to demean itself in the hour of victory. Generosity is a noble stimulant, and once in her recent history the country drank the inspiring draught. Mr. George decided to give it an example in misbehavior. He has his reward in the flattest election on record.

With an exception. Liberalism has been coarsely betrayed, and grievously weakened in strength and spirit. But whatever dies or falters in the political mind of Britain, the Labor Party is at least alive. Is that surprising? We place at the head of this article the story sent us by a Radical candidate of a scene in his electoral campaign. We do not take it as typical* of the life of working-class Scotland. But so long as a single British soldier has the chance of issuing from such a "home" as our correspondent describes, and of returning to it after the war, we can only thank God that a Labor Party exists. From that party has proceeded the force which has been deliberately withdrawn from the Coalition, and now threatens its power. We are not uncritical admirers of the Labor Party. It has something to learn from Liberalism. So far as the exposition of the social problem is concerned, its work has hardly begun. It has had its full share of *faints* and deserters. It is still somewhat class-bound and creed-bound. It made a pitiable show in the late Parliament, and its candidates have not all escaped the contamination of Mr. George's electoral appeal. But the higher we put the deficiencies of the Labor Party the more we feel that the cause of Labor supplies the chief moral attraction of our politics. The measure of its weakness, if weakness it be, is only the measure of the failure of our civilization. With its reinforcement, and with the steady identification of the best thought of the country with the idea of social justice, must come an entirely fresh political vision. Education is wanting; the plough has to be driven deep into the soil. But the ground is of inconceivable richness, and when a system of national culture has revealed the true wealth of Britain, we shall realize that we have only begun to live.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the advent of a large body of Labor members to Parliament should present itself as the main fact of the election. There may well be serious under-representation. Should Mr. George prosper in his scheme to snatch at office by disintegrating the nation, the force of numbers and of moral power, no less than that of medium judgment and long experience, may be dangerously cut off from representative government. But there is a sense in which Labor is in power already. It has an international policy, which has brought it into close contact with the only other force of idealism in contemporary statesmanship. The contrast is sharply drawn between Mr. Wilson and Labor-Liberalism on one side, and the bureaucratic governments of Europe on the other. The second body offers the world something which looks like a conservative settlement, and is in fact little removed from anarchy. The first would have intervened to save at least a year of war. In our view, the failure of Stockholm, and of

* Though (in 1891) 9.4 per cent. of the total population of London were living in one-room tenements.

Mr. Wilson's eirenicon of 1916, was a catastrophe. Labor did not stand to gain immediately by an earlier peace; it was content to throw a long line into the future. To-day it has a Europe made more visibly to its liking, and also strewn thick with perils to the ruling classes and the whole capitalistic order. Again, Labor and American Liberalism propose an act of rescue; and, again, it may be rejected.

But just as Stockholm was a plea for a moderate, fair, rational solution of a desolating conflict, so the American-Labor policy is a summons to an act of good faith. With our short political memories, we are again forgetting the character of the peace to which this country and its Allies are definitely committed. The Germans made no unconditional surrender. In reality if not in form, they accepted the armistice not from Marshal Foch's hand, but from Mr. Wilson's. The President imposed his conditions. It was not enough for the Germans to accept the fourteen points. They must have done with the autocracy and produce "veritable representatives" of the German people. Then he would recommend an armistice to the Allies, should they be disposed to accept a peace "upon the terms and principles indicated." A double acceptance followed. The Germans fulfilled all the Wilsonian conditions; the Allies endorsed all the fourteen points, with a reservation on freedom of the seas, and a suggestion, in harmony with the Presidential policy, that the restoration of territory should mean the recovery of damage done to civilians. The democracies improved on this diplomatic assent. European Labor, European Socialism in all the countries of the Entente, warmly adhered to the fourteen points. The substance of a peace is in effect made between them and the German Republic. Let us say in one sentence that their consent is to a peace of association between the two hostile groups, on lines of economic freedom, subject to restitution and reparation for definite and salient wrong; that this peace conception includes the evacuation of Russia; and that it excludes the infliction of punitive indemnities. Democracy has thus set its seal to a set of definite principles of public conduct—the principles of nationality, of local assent to territorial change, of a just distribution of resources, and above all of an organ and regulator of international justice, naval as well as military.

Now we come to the attitude of the Governments. Where do they stand? We judge in the first place by their silence. We hear little or nothing of the League of Nations. On the other hand, we hear a good deal of a series of purely individual nationalistic adventures. The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be regarded as one of them. It comes within the fourteen points, and the reunion with the Motherland is a matter of form rather than of principle. But a French Protectorate on the left bank of the Rhine, a French annexation of the Saar coalfields, a Belgian claim to Dutch soil and German soil, an Italian claim to Dalmatia, bring us straight back to Brest-Litovsk, to Might-policy, to strategic frontiers, to the practice of aggressive Nationalism. So does Mr. George's theory of indemnities as entitling a victor nation to recover the whole cost of war from the vanquished. Put the theory and practice together, and add to them a war on revolutionary Russia, and the fourteen points are destroyed. Mr. Wilson's mission is sterilised, and the policy of Labor turned down.

Thus Labor has suddenly come to its first testing-point as a political power. The ordeal is severe, for Labor is a new force, still undisciplined and com-

paratively unskilled. We wish we could think that a single statesman in power in Europe could be trusted to come through it unscathed. Together Mr. Wilson and Labor may. They stand between Europe and Revolution. If utter cynicism prevails, and Might-policy rises from its grave in Germany to torment Europe for another fifty years, the idealists will be in despair, but the revolutionaries will set to work. The moral desert will have been made for them; they will achieve the physical desolation. But they need not win, and they will not win, if Labor, the moderating force of the hour, makes its policy clear. Its claims are simple, but they go direct to the issue. No one desires a verbatim report of every Committee meeting of the Peace delegates. But if their capital debates are as open as Mr. Wilson desires them to be,* any serious treason to the cause of the Entente should fail at its birth. The appeal of all countries will then be to the public opinion of the world. The claims of the victor, the pleas of the vanquished, can both be heard, and the decision be subject to the "general will" and sense of justice. If the ensuing peace is then a bad one, man must bear his cross, for he will have laid it on his own back. What is intolerable is that an army of bureaucrats, such as is now encamped in the hotels and offices of Paris, should parcel out mankind. Unless, therefore, the peace is to be one of pure officialism, the second demand of Labor for an International Conference cannot be resisted. The peace is, above all, the re-settlement in industry of millions of laboring men, whose wages, food, liberties, taxation, citizenship, it most profoundly affects. They cannot be expected to accept even a League of Nations without a representative element, and consisting merely of a union of governments. Theirs, in a word, is the underlying right of self-determination, as well as the chief agent and symbol of the unity towards which the soul of man continually strives. Are they to be silent while universal clerkdom speaks?

A CHOICE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE letter recently cited by Mr. Thomas, on the subject of Conscription, has received less attention than it deserved. It was written, as will be remembered, from a general at the War Office to a general in France, and contained a plan for a national army of twenty divisions, involving four years' compulsory military training at school, one year's compulsory service, and so many days' training every year after that up to the age of forty. "The Cabinet," the writer goes on, "will not touch this, at any rate till after the election, and then not till their League of Nations nonsense has been discussed at the Peace Conference."

The first observation to make on this is, that it is precisely what is meant by "militarism" in any intelligible sense of the term. For militarism means that professional soldiers claim to direct policy behind the back of the ostensible civilian rulers. And that is what this general is endeavoring to do. The Government has accepted the fourteen points as the basis of peace, and these points include disarmament and a League of Nations. The general and his friends on the War Office

* According to an apparently authoritative statement in the "Daily News," Mr. Wilson's policy is (1) that the League of Nations shall be a part of the Treaty; (2) an international use of sea-power as an alternative to the building of a big American Navy; (3) an inquiry to fix a "just" indemnity; (4) the conclusions of the Conference to be made public; (5) the peace delegates to come as "representatives of the new world; not as masters," so as to avoid a peace which can only breed future wars.

have determined that those terms shall not be carried out, and are working to ensure that result. Whether the general is himself "important" we do not know. But we are quite sure that he represents a highly-important influence. The whole machine of the War Office and of the Admiralty is bound to fight, tooth and nail, against any form of disarmament and any possibility of permanent peace. That is what they are there for. It is the duty, as well as the instinct, of professional soldiers and sailors to foster and maintain war. The war just ended has made them the most powerful element in the community. And that power they exercise secretly, behind the scenes, to defeat the purpose of the nation and of its political representatives. That is militarism; and by the war we have established militarism in England. Whether we can disestablish it will depend upon the peace settlement. And that the militarists well understand.

Now, let us turn from the Junkers to the Government. Their policy, on this question of armies and navies, is announced to be, first, that they intend to maintain British supremacy at sea; secondly, that they intend to propose to the Continental nations that they should abandon conscription. In other words, they go to the Peace Conference with the suggestion that everyone except the British shall disarm. This does not look hopeful, on the face of it. But, says the Prime Minister, a navy is a very different thing from an army. A navy is a weapon of defence, whereas an army is a weapon of offence. An army, at any moment, can cross a frontier and occupy and ravage a territory. But a navy cannot "go to Berlin." No, it cannot. And it need not, to be effective. It can produce famine at Berlin without leaving the seas. And what more does it need to do to bring an enemy to his knees? Do we not say with truth that "the Navy has won the war"? If so, how did it win it? By standing on the defensive? No. By besieging the enemy! Hunger is a recognised and very effective weapon of war. What is there that makes the use of this weapon "defensive"? We must really "clear our minds of cant" on this subject, and think honestly, whether it be peace or war to which we look forward. A navy, like an army, may be used either for offence or for defence, and in either case, it will be claimed that the use is defensive. The navy has always been the threat behind our diplomacy, as the army has been behind that of the Continental Powers. Given the favorable conjuncture, a navy is as formidable a weapon of offence as an army, even in a world of conscript armies. But abolish the conscript armies, and a navy like ours becomes supreme. We then hold the world in fee, and can dictate our will to all nations. For we alone have an effective weapon behind our diplomacy. Of course, what an Englishman has at the back of his mind when he contemplates that position, is that we are so inherently righteous that we may be trusted to govern the world. But the rest of the world will never adopt that view. And we may be pretty sure that the result of our proposal will be that the Continental nations will politely decline to disarm. There will therefore be no disarmament, either by land or by sea. And our Junkers, to use their own phrase, will have disposed of the "League of Nations nonsense."

It should be made perfectly clear that a fundamental condition of a League of Nations is the abandonment of competition in armaments, and of the whole idea of any nation being "supreme," either at land or on sea. A League of Nations means a collective guarantee for all nations substituted for the guarantee of each nation for itself. That is the radical change it is intended to introduce. And that implies an all-round disarmament, if

not at first complete, at any rate drastic. Mr. Churchill's idea of a continuing British supremacy at sea is as incompatible with the meaning of a League of Nations as would be a continuing German supremacy on land. The idea of supremacy goes out of history, if the League of Nations idea comes in. It would no doubt be possible to construct the framework of a League of Nations without disarmament. But such a League would involve conscription for this country, as well as the maintenance at full strength of our Navy. And in that case not only should we be crushed financially by the burden, so that our civilization could not develop, and would, most likely dissolve in anarchy; but we should perpetuate the spirit of militarism among us, so that the League would be merely a dangerous camouflage for the old nationalistic plotting and counter-plotting.

For whatever may be said by enthusiasts for "national service," national service means a large powerful highly trained class of professional officers, working behind the scenes as a political force. It means a nation trained from the earliest age in the ethics of war. It means the creation of a huge machine of destruction which will not be content not to be used. And it means that our men of science, letters, and religion will conceive it to be their first and principal duty to develop the machinery of murder and the will to employ it. All sophistries about "defensive" war go to pieces on these plain facts. If our militarists triumph, they triumph to destroy mankind; though no doubt they are quite unaware of the fact. Whether the militarists will find in the Prime Minister an effective obstacle must remain matter of conjecture. But they will certainly find an obstacle in President Wilson. For, odd as it may seem to the Junker bureaucracy, the President conceives himself bound in honor by the fourteen points which he offered and which the Germans and the Allies have accepted as the basis of peace. Two of these points are relevant to our present argument. One deals with disarmament and runs as follows:—

"Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety."

The other deals with the freedom of the seas, and runs as follows:—

"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

These points both require elucidation, and will receive it from the President at the Conference. But two things at least are clear. First, the President intends a very radical measure of disarmament on land; secondly, he does not believe in the supremacy of a single nation at sea, and desires a joint guarantee by all the nations of the League. Our Prime Minister's programme, as we have shown, seems to be calculated to defeat both these intentions, and, no doubt, the Junkers are counting upon that. They think it will be easy to "down" the President once they have got him into the council room, entangled in the sophistries and statistics of military and naval specialists. Perhaps it may be possible to do so. But the President holds some strong cards, if he has the courage and determination to play them. In the first place, he is the financial master of the world. The possibility of reconstruction in Europe depends on the support of American credit. In the second place, if we can build, so can he. And the naval "supremacy" of the future, if supremacy there is to be, will be American, not British. What then our statesmen at the Conference have to decide is whether they will concede

naval disarmament and a collective guarantee, or will drive straight upon a ruinous naval competition with America, ending in a fratricidal war. The militarists, of course, do not advert to these possibilities, nor is it their business to do so. But is it too much to hope that our statesmen may?

There lies now before the world—it cannot be too often repeated, the choice between life and death. That choice will be made in a few weeks of debate at the Peace Conference. What is there done can never be undone. We are at the forking of the roads, and the wrong turn commits us irrevocably. Yet at this moment we get from our leader no clear call. An obscure struggle seems to be proceeding behind the scenes between the children of light and the children of darkness. It is a struggle for the soul of the Prime Minister, and we do not know who has triumphed, nor who will. We would fain give him the benefit of the doubt. We would fain believe that he understands the terrific nature of the issue he is chosen to determine, and that he may follow his better angel. If so, he will work hand in hand with President Wilson, and make Anglo-Saxondom solid for the cause of civilization. For about the President there hangs no shadow of doubt. What he was from the first he is now, the man who has that rarest gift, to see a truth, to say it, and to act it. Let him be assured that there looks to him, as to the saviour of society, all that is liberal, enlightened, and humane in Britain. May the assurance take a form that he cannot fail to understand.

EXPEDIENCY AND THE BLOCKADE.

It is now fairly evident that, if Germany is given a fair chance, a new and a valuable political order will quickly evolve from the temporary uncertainty of her conditions. If politics was a world apart, which developed according to its own law undisturbed by other than political influences, we could now say that the establishment of a democratic German Republic was assured. The national will, incorporated in the national army, seems as determined to oppose a firm resistance to the irresponsible agitations of anarchy as it is to cut clean away from the past. The foolish attempt of Fehrenbach to resuscitate a Reichstag which shares the disgrace of the old *régime* is destined merely to prove how completely the old parties and the old policies—both essentially servile—have lost the respect of the nation. The progressive elements of the *bourgeoisie* have already dissociated themselves from the attempt to galvanise a moribund institution into the appearance of life. The old order is really changed. The German Reichstag was as much an instrument of Germany's disaster as the German High Command. The consciousness that this is true is general in Germany. A new polity must replace the old.

The new German polity will, in all probability, not be a Socialist Republic. The majority of the Socialists themselves do not desire it; they are not so much Socialist as Radicals or Radical-Socialists professing the pure Socialist theory because there was no place for a Radical Opposition in the German system of government. This is true, not merely of the Majority Socialists, but of some able elements among the Independent Socialists also. They are democrats first and Socialists afterwards. Therefore a democratic platform will unite the *bourgeois* Radicals, the Majority Socialists, and the solid section of the Independents. That will be the basis of the future German Republic, and there is no doubt that a great democratic party of this kind will rally at least three-quarters of Germany to its support. The new State

would be more democratic than any other State in Europe, more democratic than England, far more democratic than France, which is, in reality, a conservative *bourgeois* organization.

If the political will of the German people themselves had a decisive control over events, Germany's evolution to this desirable goal would be rapid and secure. She would be able and willing to pay all the bills for damages which could justly be demanded of her. German industry would, moreover, not merely do the world the service of opening up the riches of Russia for the general enjoyment; in its political aspects it would point the way to an orderly realization of the social ideals which the present upholders of the Russian Revolution profess. With the wealth gained by an equitable and mutually beneficent exchange of services between herself and Russia, Germany could repair the devastation of France, and atone for the suffering she has inflicted on the world by her zeal in salving its wounds.

Such, we are convinced, would be the character of Germany's future development if she were treated, we will not say with justice because the conception has suddenly gone out of fashion, but with the common-sense of expediency. Let us leave, for once, ideals on one side, and assume that the aim of expediency is to get all that can possibly be obtained from Germany out of her. In order to get anything at all out of her over and above her bullion and her movable wealth, her production must be maintained.

The next pre-requisite demanded by expediency is the establishment of stable political conditions. These, as we have said, will come of themselves if the political will of the German people is permitted to express itself freely. The Germans will probably do their part. The question is whether we are prepared to do ours. If we had to draw our conclusions from the speeches made by the Prime Minister during an election campaign that will rank as the most disgraceful period of our constitutional history, we should have to give up hope. For the moment, however, we prefer to disregard all Mr. George's recent statements of policy. If his utterances are to be taken seriously, then it is no use discussing anything, except the swiftest way to destroy his Government. We prefer to be optimistic, and to believe that the urgent question of how we are to help Germany to establish stable political conditions has not yet been fatally prejudiced, and to indulge the hope that some clear-headed permanent officials (let us say, in the Foreign Office) are really pondering the best means of our getting the maximum out of our defeated enemy.

We have to prevent anarchy in Germany. In this effort we are not single-handed. The majority of Germans are on our side. Not only do they want a decent political order, but they do not want to starve. We must not be misled by a natural aversion to the incessant appeals of Dr. Solf, who has probably been doing his best to exploit American sympathy for political ends. The danger of something like starvation in Germany is real. The present rulers have a choice before them. Either they can continue the rations on the pre-revolution scale, with the prospect of exhausting their supplies in from two to three months from now, or they could make the attempt to reduce the rations still further, with the prospect at best of making supplies last an extra month. In no case would they last, unsupported, until the next harvest. As a matter of fact the choice is only apparent. A reduction of the ration is inconceivable for obvious political reasons. There is no strong central authority to enforce such a reduction. The Workers' and Soldiers' Councils would simply ignore the decree—they are already in many cases commandeering even seed potatoes for consumption—and the prestige of the central authority would suffer another serious diminution. In

those places where the decree was put into force, the extremists would have no difficulty in exciting their half-starving populace to overthrow the Government which had taken their food from them. Thus the present German Government is compelled to squander its food resources (if the allotment of a ration a good deal less than one-half the English ration can by any stretch of the imagination be called squandering)* and to trust that America will come to the rescue.

In so far as food is concerned, American aid has been promised, and not even the stunt press here dared to assert that the burning issue of the election was "no food for Germany" in face of the President's promise and Mr. Hoover's mission. But Germany must not only not be allowed to starve; she must be allowed to work. It is vital that the process of demobilization should be accomplished with as little disturbance as possible. Nothing more fatuous could be imagined than the cry that Germany must not be allowed to steal a march on the Entente by setting her factories in motion. The blockade continues, and so long as it continues we control the German export trade. What is certain is that, unless the German factories are set going without delay, there will be four million idle soldiers scattered all over Germany earning no wages. Whether they are fed by the Government or allowed to starve makes no difference. If they are not absorbed into the economic life of the country they will terrorize it. At present they are the upholders of law and order which is for them incorporated in the existing régime, and we have no doubt that they would like to remain what they are by inclination. But if they are pauperized or starved, nothing on earth—not even an occupation of the whole of Germany by the Allied armies—will prevent them from giving their country a sudden push into the abyss.

Our duty, therefore, is to help to restore the economic life of Germany, both for its own sake, because it is the only means by which Germany can pay the bills which we, in our wisdom, intend to demand of her, and for the sake of the steadying effect such a restoration will have during the precarious process of German political reconstruction, which, if it is secure and peaceful, will react favorably, in its turn, upon German production. *The one way in which we can contribute to this necessary work of economic restoration is by raising, to some extent at least, the blockade of raw materials.* As the blockade is to be raised to some extent for the import of food into Germany, so it must be raised to allow the import of a certain amount of raw material. It is, we believe, in the highest degree unfortunate that the American Government should have succumbed to commercial pressure and resigned the control of the American export of raw stuffs. Without that control it is exceedingly difficult to arrange to ration Germany with the necessary amount of raw materials. A struggle in the open market for them is, at this moment, about the most dangerous thing that could happen to the world, and if Germany is to carry off, as she must, a portion of the spoils when they are struggled for, she will do it only by methods that will give the *coup de grâce* to her tottering finances. Still, the difficult task must be accomplished somehow. The German people must be employed. With the Allied occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, her magnificent iron industry, the very backbone of her industrial organism, is severed. We must inject correspondingly strong doses of raw materials into it. From the standpoint of expediency the problem is simple. We have a sick man before us, whom many of us intend to make our slave. Well and good. If we let him starve, he will have a fit of delirium and probably cut his throat. He will also probably say some nasty things about "justice" and ourselves which we shall remember. And if we give him nothing to do when he is convalescent, but keep him in solitary confinement, he will cut his throat just the same. All the benefit we shall get from our expected bondman is the trouble of burying him, and even the expense of the funeral will not be covered by the few battered halfpence we may find in his pockets.

* The present average ration of fats per head per day in Germany is 1½ ozs.; in England it is 4 ozs.

THE WRONG WAY WITH INDEMNITIES.

AMERICA'S Fourteen Points, adopted as a basis of the peace terms by the European Allies, with a specified reservation, were accepted by Germany. They were admittedly the means of inducing her to the acceptance of the armistice. Now that we have secured her complete surrender, the dispersion of her armies and the surrender of her fortresses, it is proposed to alter these proposals to her detriment. The issue has been brought out most sharply in these weeks of our electioneering by the reiterated demand that Germany must "pay for the war." This again is supported by an estimate which gives 24,000 millions as a moderate computation of the bill.

Now while the Fourteen Points do not use the term indemnity, in dealing with the separate cases of Belgium, France, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro, they stipulate for restoration. Thus by a plain implication they disclaim the policy of indemnities which are either punitive or designed to cover the costs and damages of war. To revise the demand for such indemnities is, therefore, a breach of faith, for it is certain that Mr. Wilson's document, to which we set our hand, intentionally excluded them.

And he was wise in doing so. For any serious political and economic consideration of the matter makes it evident that the expenses of the complete restoration of the broken countries, including full restoration for the stolen property, will impose upon Germany economic penalties as heavy as it is our interest to make her bear. But what is the wealth of Germany? Some exaggerated statements of it have been made by a naturalized German who for the last twenty years has been the statistical provider of Tariff Reform propaganda in this country. Mr. Ellis Barker dangles before our eyes the sum of £237,678,000,000, fifteen times as much as the whole national wealth of Great Britain, as the value of Germany's stores of coal, iron ore, and potash. Mr. Barker tells us that we can annex as much as we like of this to refund our costs of war. To produce this result he takes a purely speculative estimate of mineral deposits, treats them as if they could be got out within the next few years, attributes to them a value per ton based upon the very element of scarcity which is cancelled by the hypothesis of their early availability, and counts in the whole of the labor and other costs of getting them.

We apologize for mentioning this farrago of nonsense, but it appears to have imposed upon the popular mind. When we confront in cold blood the proposal of an indemnity, we shall come to the conclusion that we had better write off all the other costs of war and confine our demands to full restoration of Belgium, France, and the other damaged territories. For the sum, at least two thousand millions, that such restoration seems likely to require, would be as much as we could get without incurring obligations and risks which would endanger the settled order of Europe. Though no precise measures are available, the total capital value of Germany before the war was seldom put at a higher figure than 15,000 millions, with an aggregate income of something like 2,000 millions. If, as we are told, not only the iron mines of Lorraine and the potash of Strasburg, but the coalfields of the Saar are to be taken from Germany, together with Polish Prussia, her powers of production and her income are greatly reduced. Any serious attempt, therefore, to impose as an indemnity the sum of 24,000 millions, or an annual instalment based on that figure, is not worth a moment's consideration. For the great bulk of every national income takes the shape of the payment of wages and other costs necessary to maintain the productive energies of the nation. Only a comparatively small proportion is available as surplus for any other purpose. It does, indeed, go without saying that Germany can and must be made to provide out of this surplus for the restoration of Belgium and France. Every claim of priority belongs to this task, and it must be accomplished as quickly as possible.

For this purpose there are no doubt considerable assets upon which we can draw. Most of Germany's

foreign securities that were readily marketable abroad she has probably disposed of. But out of the pre-war total, estimated at some £2,500,000,000, a fair sum could still be raised to supplement in world-wealth what she could not pay out of her internal resources. Ships and movable plant we are able to take, if we believe it is a sound policy to cripple in the future the production and trade of the country. Most people, indeed, want wholly contradictory objects. They want to deny German access to Allied supplies of raw materials and foodstuffs, to confiscate her shipping, to refuse her access to Allied ports and coaling stations, while demanding that while deprived of these essential conditions of production and commerce, she should make huge annual payments in terms of the very goods they disable her from making.

Now we cannot get huge indemnities, to be paid, as they must be, in current goods, unless we facilitate the production of those goods. The electioneering campaign has disclosed all sorts of endeavors to evade the hard economics of the fact that if we insist on Germany paying for the war, we cannot boycott her either by refusing her full access to world-supplies or by keeping her goods out of our markets. Politicians who are not shipbuilders are willing that Germany shall build ships for us. Those who are not coalowners, and are not addressing mining audiences, are prepared to take an indemnity in German coal. But if Germany is made to pay in any of the sort of products we can make, the complaint that will arise from the injured industries in this country, when this huge dumping operation begins, will soon oblige the Government to revise their policy.

Nor would this outcry be unreasonable. Just as it is injurious to the manhood and efficiency of an individual to be endowed with an "independent" income which does not require him to work, so is it with the larger life of social parasitism. The ability to call upon the German people to produce several hundred million pounds' worth of wealth per annum, to be handed over for consumption by our people, without payment in return, would have two implications. It would stimulate the industries of Germany to their utmost efficiency and energy, and would produce a corresponding depression and slackness in our industries. This result is not escaped by calling this annual tribute a repayment for our expenses of the war. The change of circumstances and the lapse of time between the incurring of the costs and the payment removes the transaction from the ordinary category of exchange. No doubt Germany, if full access to world supplies and markets is allowed, could be made by force to pay several hundred millions per annum for an indefinite number of years. If we insisted on pressing this policy, it is true that, beyond the work of restoration, a large indemnity might be got. But is this a wise policy and one that even commercially would be paying? Such a payment would require us to keep a "strangle-hold" on Germany for perhaps half-a-century. Either there must be an army of occupation or, failing that, a threat of economic boycott continually held over her, in case she fail to pay the annual tribute. By such means we might take from Germany the annual wealth that represents her savings, disabling her from adding to her productive plant and stocks for the support of a growing population and the improvement of the economic conditions of her people. Having reduced her to subjection, we might try to keep her indefinitely in this condition. But we could only do so by abandoning the whole conception of a peaceable and democratic world based upon a League of Nations.

For such a subjection, more surely than any other course, must keep alive the passions of the war. There could be no peaceable League under such conditions, for Germany neither could nor would enter such a League. All sense among the German people of the wickedness and treachery of their Government in plunging their nation into the horrors of the war would be dissipated in the humiliation of their bondage to the Allies. Whether this would favor the re-establishment of an autocratic Government, with the secret object of rebuilding Prussian militarism and pursuing diplomatic intrigues for a central alliance, or

would plunge the country into deeper forms of revolutionary disorder, it is needless to speculate. But it is certain that the League which President Wilson and his supporters in this country regard as the only security for civilization, is wholly inconsistent with a Germany in bondage. We make no appeal to magnanimity; we are thinking now of our interest in future security. The indemnity policy, if actually imposed, establishes militarism and conscription as a permanent institution in this country. It also plays into the hands of autocracy in politics and industry. It would finally alienate from the other peoples the sympathy and allegiance of the German people towards an internationalism founded on a kind of Landlords' League. The Liberal Party in this country will not look with favor on a proposal which strikes a death-blow to their ideal of Internationalism. And the Labor and Socialist parties in the Entente will not consent to hand over the surplus wealth of Germany to capitalist Governments.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

For some days the country will be busy with the riddle of the election. The puzzle is complete. Foe has fought foe and friend friend without knowing where the blow has come from or what good or evil it has wrought. The vague general finding is that Liberalism has gone down under Mr. George's treacherous stroke, and that though Labor has polled strongly, a Tory Parliament is assured. The polling has been small. About 50 per cent. is given as an average. Of this the "Coalition" may have secured 27 per cent. Thus, in a revolutionary hour, the Government of the country will be in hands the least able to sustain it—a union of the interests, combined by a trick, and elected on a minority vote. The spirit of the Parliament will be of the worst. The Liberals have come back furious, believing that some of their best men have been beaten, and that scores of Tories have crept in as minority members. If these fears are realized, Mr. George will never be forgiven, and it is doubtful whether he can ever again address a Liberal audience. There can be no doubt that he lost heavily as the Election went on. Many candidates told me how they started with thin, dull audiences and empty platforms, and ended with meetings full of fire. The Nonconformists in particular went over in troops from the Coalition to Liberalism or to Labor. "I have voted for Mr. George all my life: now I shall vote against him," became a formula of the Liberal platform. If, therefore, office remains with Mr. George, his power is undermined.

As a test, the conflict is worthless. It was an election under "Dora," as near a slave-election as could be. No candidate could even see his constituents without begging leave of one Controller—the petrol man. He could not address them in print without resort to another—the paper man. The Censor docked his foreign news, the Press Bureau intercepted the debates on peace, so he could not discuss foreign policy. In Ireland, the Government gave up all pretence of constitutionalism. I have before me a Sinn Féin leaflet "as passed by the Censor." About a quarter of it is shamelessly blacked out. Some of its sentences are mutilated and made unintelligible.

Even English candidates were practised on. One of them, *opposed by a member of the Government*, had quoted against him a sentence from a *confidential* document, suggesting that he was a Conscientious Objector. This could only have been disclosed by someone in the public service.

GENERAL results, of course, cannot be forecast. Every man is at the mercy of Mr. George's game of pitch-and-toss. Scotland, for example, is said to have been almost swept bare of Liberal members, Toryism and Labor between them having crushed the middle party. Elsewhere there had been stout fighting, and men of character had done well. In Monmouth, for example, 81 per cent. of the votes were polled, and Mr. Mackenna completely turned the tide from the Coalition and won Nonconformity almost wholly to his side. In Sir John Simon's constituency 62 per cent. went to the poll, with a heavy soldiers' vote to come. On one point all are unanimous. Conscription was so unpopular that if the issue had been raised a little earlier the Government must have been badly beaten. Neither men nor women voters would look at it. Nor did Ministerialists dare to preach an extension of the war to Russia. Mr. George's great discovery was, "Make the Germans pay." This proved irresistible, especially if the candidate fortified his plea with an uncompromising attack on "dumping."

THE women's vote is incalculable. In some constituencies the new voters were apathetic. In others they were keen, alert, and even well organized. In Rochdale, for example, they formed a Citizens' League, and held a crowded meeting, to which every candidate was summoned in turn and mercilessly heckled. I think the more evident bent was conservative. The fear of strikes led, in some districts, to an insequent vote against Labor. Mr. Henderson, on the strength of his official visit to Russia, was held up as a friend of Lenin, and lost some of the women in consequence. Here and there the candidate struck a widely different strain of feeling. Soldiers' wives refused to go to the polls till their men had come home and given them their mind on the war. The military vote was small and not infrequently resentful on the point of haste and failure to consult the Army, or hatred of conscription. In Sir John Simon's constituency only forty-two proxies were recorded. The Essex Regiment of 1,500 men is largely at the more distant theatres of war, so that its vote is likely to be negligible. In another district the candidate only got his address out to half the quota of absent voters. Errors of direction were innumerable.

MR. GEORGE'S *ascripti* are likely to have a rather thin time in the new Parliament. For all its later decline, the House of Commons retains its free atmosphere, and it will be a new experience for it to accept a body of members who have sold their opinions to a Minister in exchange for their seats. It is useless for these heroes to enlarge (as they usually do) on their Spartan virtues and suggest that Captain Guest presented them with their "coupon" on his bended knee. There has been an inevitable amount of bowing and scraping to Tory "bosses" on the part of men who have come back to old Liberal associations in their constituencies as if they were strangers. For this they will pay. They have killed or corrupted a good deal of local Liberalism; but they have lost the respect of their old supporters, and they have immensely strengthened the forces of Labor. Very few of them, I predict, will ever sit again.

So Oxford has gone Tory and obscurantist again. Doubtless it did quite right to elect Lord Hugh Cecil. At least he is distinguished; and I suppose we must rejoice that his occasional deviations into Christianity have done him no harm with the parsons. But I do not think Lord Hugh would claim to be in the same *class* of academic distinction as Mr. Gilbert Murray, who gets 812 votes against Lord Hugh's 2,771. I can hardly imagine an American or a Continental University that would not regard Mr. Murray as among her greatest sons. He is a master of style. He has revived the study of Greek poetry. He is a great public character, who has made much the most finished presentation of our case in the war, and is perhaps the only living Englishman fit to succeed Lord Bryce as Ambassador to the United States. But then he is a Liberal, and (for aught I know) may have spoken disrespectfully of the thirty-nine articles. So Oxford bridles at him, and gives him 812 votes. That is academic England.

THE anxiety about the peace is profound. No one can disguise the meaning of the still rising tide of Nationalism in France, of the exorbitant Italian demands, and the Belgian claims to Dutch and German territory, nor the impossibility of fitting these things into the fourteen points. Even the "Times," which is beginning to treat the peace with gravity and with a sense of the evils of a conflict with American idealism, is alarmed, hints at the danger of German disintegration, and pleads for the solution of the free port in place of a Polish annexation of Danzig. But it freely admits a French annexation of the Saar Coalfield. On what grounds? Germany is to be "squeezed like a lemon," while each one of her creditors takes a preliminary cut at her. She is to produce for the Allies, and to lose the means of production (for no self-respecting people will ever deal with her again); live for our convenience, and die for our pleasure. That is what comes of letting passion do duty for reason and of having statesmen who won't think and newspapers that can't. But the helpless drift of opinion goes on, and there are not half-a-dozen men whom one can think of as likely to determine the character of the peace with conscience enough to tell the truth and brave the answering (and short-lived) gust of popular fury, and sense enough to see that a moderate, reasonable settlement, with the League of Nations as its pivot, is the only way out.

I SEE the "Daily Chronicle" (a dull sheet) suggests that the feeding of Germany and her re-admission to the society of nations must depend on the summoning of a constituent assembly. This, I suppose, is the new democracy. The German people are to starve unless they take from us a forced present of our particular form of government. Doubtless it is a good form, and will remain one, so long as the House of Commons is a fit place for honest men to sit in. But, supposing democratic Germany went another way. Supposing, for example, it gave its new constitution an industrial rather than a political form. What business could that be of ours? The Soviet or the Whitley Council is a quite possible organ of government; it does not necessarily rest on revolution or spring from terrorism, as in Bolshevik Russia. It might be as peaceful as a Quakers' meeting. Nor because Germany has been at war with us has she become our vassal, or we her constitutional model.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

"We have seen a star in the East." We shall never know how many thousand years ago it was when that saying first arose among men as a conscious belief in human progress. We only know that it is still uttered in tones as fresh and youthful as ever. Only yesterday, indeed, we saw a star in the East, though on nearer view we called it "Bolshevism," and deciding that it was probably only a falling star, sinking straight to the Pit, we put our gold and frankincense and myrrh back into our hearts. It has happened to us so often before since the Son of Man was born. That is why those treasures of man's homage to progress remain through the ages so little diminished. There is always a flaw visible on nearer view. That has been so even in the most exquisite story the world has known to symbolise the coming of a "Prince of Peace" to earth. "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," the simple-minded enthusiasts of our Authorised Version thought it to mean, and three centuries later, on nearer view, their Revisers broke to us with gentle vagueness the sober truth that it really meant something much more like "Peace to men of goodwill." And that is a very different thing. How different we realize when we read in our newspapers the sayings and doings of our leaders and try to reckon on the fingers of one hand the number among them of "men of goodwill." If Christianity sometimes seems to have brought so little to men, it has perhaps, after all, brought as much as the angels promised.

One has noted in recent days a widespread disappointment with the world, not altogether dissipated by the joyous band which raises again the final chorus of Shelley's "Hellas." For even that exultant hymn, one may remark, is pierced by doubt and fear. The reasonableness of such a feeling one need not stay to argue. The world is as it has always been; the perfection of the world, such as it is, remains the same. Human experience, likewise, remains in every age perfectly equal to its task. One is not called upon to defend the world in the forum of human caprice. The attempt to justify the ways of God to man has always aroused a smile in the wise. The ways of men may be in more need of justification. It is a necessary task to adapt the Universe to Man, but it is sometimes also necessary to adapt Man to the Universe. When this adaptation is incomplete we are in the presence of a disease which calls for diagnosis.

The problem we have to deal with has been dramatically illustrated by the Russian Revolution. For generations, in and even out of Russia, millions of men have regarded a revolution in Russia as a chief ideal of human progress in Europe. It has been a light before the eyes of the most temperate political and social idealists; the more passionately eager to aid its realization have gladly gone to their death. Yet as soon as that revolution is achieved, with the usual friction and bloodshed, our spiritual attitude is automatically transformed. The Governments of Europe, forgetting all their animosities, tumble over each other in their haste to overthrow an ideal realized in the accustomed manner which yet the wisest idealist never foresees. (There is the tragic figure of Kropotkin.) We are not, again, here concerned to consider the reasonableness of that attitude—the substitution of an injustice by a reversed injustice may well admit of conflicting judgments—but only to note the existence of the automatic mechanism by which every spiritual effort is at once compensated. The devout poet prayed that we might not seek

"to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky."

But the prayer was perhaps unnecessary. There is a gravitation in human nature which corrects that. We have experienced it in recent years among ourselves. We arose in noble wrath to slay the spirit of greed and arrogance and hate in the hearts of our enemies, and in the measure in which we succeeded we concurrently

planted the seeds of the same passions in our own hearts. We learnt the law of the conservation of force in the moral world. For in the moral world, as in every other world, we cannot create more force than exists.

Remy de Gourmont was wont to insist on what he called the law of intellectual constancy in civilization. He based it on the memorable biological researches of Quinton which have indicated that evolution—which, as Spencer left it, Gourmont declared, arose in the void and pointed to some unknown Messianic end—is an adjustment, in part effected by the formation of new and better adapted species, and in part by the action of intelligence, to maintain, against the increasing hostility of a cosmos ever departing from the state in which it originated life, those fixed and determined conditions of thermic, chemical, and osmotic constancy required by life. Every species possesses a constant and limited measure of force, but no more, wherewith to attain this vital and necessary end. Within the limits of the human species it seemed to Gourmont—and various distinguished thinkers and investigators have associated themselves with this conclusion—that there must be the same constancy in intellectual force, from prehistoric times until now. The achievements of to-day impress us more than the achievements, so far as we know them, of primitive men. We overlook the fact that the difference is accidental, the accident of position, and the result of accumulated traditions. It makes a difference whether we are able to leap from the summit of a Himalaya, or only from the plain; it makes a difference whether the sponge is full of water or dry. But the essential fact remains that the energy of the leap is the same from the mountain as it was of old from the plain, and that the capacity of the sponge has neither been increased nor diminished. There is evolution, but the natural evolution of animated beings is simply, said Gourmont, a succession of changes, rendered necessary by changes in the environment, to assure an original constancy which is the pivot of the whole machine. If we apply this principle to human intelligence through the ages, we cannot fail to apply it also to morals where, indeed, it is far less likely to be questioned. "There will never be any more perfection than there is now," declared Walt Whitman. And at the dawn of the modern scientific era, Leibnitz asserted that "in any one hour there is the same motor action in the world as in any other hour." It is so in the physical world, as the man of science has shown; it is so with the moral world, as human experience has never ceased to make clear. "Evolution is a fact, Progress is a feeling."

We are here in the presence of two phenomena, one objective and one subjective. On the one hand is the fact of evolution maintained by constant inevitable effort, from which, indeed, the individual may fall out, yet still maintained by the power of life that moves in the whole. On the other is the conception of Progress which the individual sets forth as the aim of his own activity, being thereby used to maintain the order of the world which he imagines to be identical with his individual notion of Progress. But it is not thus identical, and so it comes about that the very conception by which he helps to maintain the world in its course is an illusion. It is thus that at the most exhilarating moment of his triumphal March of Progress, when the goal his imagination had created seems now at length within reach, he is pulled up, and with a sudden sense of despair he seems to himself to have pursued a mirage.

That is an experience which has of late come to many. It seemed to them a few years ago that the march of Progress was accelerated. They were overcome by the intoxication of their own movement. The fantastic idea came to them that this war, unlike all wars that had gone before, was the War of Right against Might, a War to end War, a War to make the world safe for Democracy. In the course of time they found that they were not fighting against Might, but on the side of Might, while for Right they looked around in vain; they found that the war was scarcely over before their leaders began to talk of the securities and safeguards necessary in view of the next war; they realized that the democracies for which the world had been made

safe were not theirs even if they may have been those of the men they had fought against. It is not the first time that the Star in the East has been pursued a little too swiftly, or, as the Greeks put it, the ravishing Syrinx, when at last Pan's hand touched her, turned to mere reeds, better fitted for art than for life.

Yet, let us always remember, we have no right to complain because we have failed to understand how the world is made. Men are not so good as we supposed, it seems to the simple-hearted idealists who witness the worst crimes committed by those who bear the most sacred banners. But it may be that men are better, and it is certain that they are different. It is part of the splendor of life that it never has been, and never can be, fitted into any ideal. It is part of our illusion to think that life is too small while in reality it is too large. Illusion and Reality are both part of Life, each supporting the other, and we cannot live sanely and completely unless we are loyal to both, not only, on the one hand, rendering unto God the things that be God's, but in the world of reality strenuously rendering unto Caesar the things that be Caesar's, dethronement and degradation when that seems meet.

We may perhaps look a little more deeply yet into the matter. The average man will probably accept quite innocently the assumption, just made, that Caesar's sphere is that of reality and God's that of illusion. And if he succeeds in being loyal to both he may make that assumption work. But many of us who seek to see clearly and wholly how the world is made find our profit in reversing that assumption. We also are loyal to both, but our reality is their illusion and our illusion is their reality. Until modern times this was the standpoint of all those who sought to see clearly and wholly how the world is made. It was the attitude of the most religious and the most philosophic man who ever sat on an Imperial throne. Marcus Aurelius, fortified from within, fulfilled his duties to the world, however austere, with admirable devotion; he adored the beauty of the Universe, but he never imagined that the march of Progress or the goal of Perfection could be anywhere else than within. The standpoint of Jesus in this matter, so far as we may reasonably divine it, was the same as that of Marcus. He, too, without any exuberantly robust joy in living, considered the lilies, if only to point a moral; he came eating and drinking, he approved of paying taxes, he was on the side of justice and of pity in the world. But he never imagined any New Jerusalem made with hands, and his Kingdom of Heaven was in the heart. We may fairly regard an attitude in which the first of Christians is one with the last great pagan as a reasonably normal attitude. It has, at all events, these two supreme advantages: it makes what we call cynicism impossible; it makes that disillusion we see around us to-day equally impossible.

It is long since for the multitude the values became confused. In the Christian world, indeed, we have come to regard Judas Iscariot as the pioneer of that confusion, by supposing that he sought to force his Master's hand, without quite realizing that we thereby make the arch-traitor the patron of all our attempts to set up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Just fifteen centuries ago, after Rome had been sacked by the Goths and Civilization seemed in downfall, the greatest and most influential teacher the Church ever claimed was writing his immortal treatise "*De Civitate Dei*," still a living and instructive book to read to-day. St. Augustine's standpoint was not opposed to that of Marcus and of Jesus. He was not seeking to rebuild a Christianized Rome, he was seeking to replace it by a Heavenly City. But he worked out his conception with so passionate a sense for reality, the outcome of his fervid temperament and his subtle intellect, that his book became the corner-stone of all vain attempts to build a heavenly city on earth. It was the favorite reading of the Emperor Charlemagne, the least Christian of men in Christendom, and it has been the perpetual stimulus to that confusion of values between the inner world and the outer world which is the fruitful source of inevitable disillusion even to this day. That is why the affirmation of even the

simplest of eternal truths is never out of date, if we would avoid the risks of falling into a shallow cynicism or an enervating self-deception. While we seek to construct a reasonably sweet City of Man, with due regard to the quality of such material as society yields, we cannot afford to forget the affirmation of that great lyrical artist, as a modern man termed him, who proclaimed: "The Kingdom of God is within you."

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

TWO CORNISH FRESCOES

THE present writer recently received two picture postcards from a friend in Cornwall. They arrived in the afternoon, and, laying all other care aside, he spent the rest of the day in meditation upon them. There is, indeed, matter for much reflection in these pictures. They depict two renderings of the story of St. Christopher painted upon the walls of the Church of Poughill, near Bude. The reason for the repetition of the subject is said to be that in the original picture the artist confused the Saint with King Olaf, and represented him with a crown. This was corrected in another painting, that on the south wall of the Church, in which he wears a gorgeous jewelled Byzantine halo. (Personally, we think we like these heavy gold plates for heavenly wear almost better than Perugino's rims of light.) The writer has never himself seen these frescoes, is ignorant of their date, and can give no details about them. He can only testify to the deep refreshment and pure delight which these copies give him, and which it seems to be the peculiar property of the old symbolic painting to impart to the spirit of man. There is something in it which at once illuminates and feeds the mind.

The medieval painters loved the world, but they saw it with a supernatural light upon it. In the sixteenth century Art became a merely worldly thing. Men painted the world better, but the light that once really was on land and sea had faded from them. On the other hand, religion became merely devout. The jolly legendary Saints were supplanted by the severe professionals of the Catholic Reaction. We suppose these pictures may have been painted in the good day of Hans Memling and Jan Van Eyck. They are full of the twin blessed spirits of fantasy and common-sense. St. Christopher, a figure of great dignity and beauty (notably in the first painted picture) has around him the setting of a whole Pre-Raphaélite world. The first thing that strikes one about these frescoes is a certain completeness of imagination, that great mark of the Middle Ages. The present writer himself once made a ballad of St. Christopher, and he here confesses with shame that it never occurred to him to give the hermit a lantern. Not to have thought of such an elementary concrete thing argues a sort of blindness. This blindness, this want of common-sense, seems to belong peculiarly to our own time. In present-day hotels, for instance, the bedroom candlestick has disappeared, killed by the electric light, though assuredly the need for it is as great as ever. In antiquity, in the Middle Ages, in the eighteenth century people had light to go to bed by. But in our own day, in pretentious hostelrys with all their pomp and paraphernalia of lifts, telephones, and electricity, again and again one gropes one's way to bed in the dark. You go up dimly-lighted stairs, stumble through passages and corridors in total darkness, endeavor to guess at your room, give up the idea, descend again in search of a *concierge* or at any rate a match. If you succeed in finding your room without help, again the electric light button has to be groped for. In that beautiful detail of the hermit's lantern held up above the dark flood over which St. Christopher bears his sacred Burden, one sees the capacity of the Middle Ages for the thinking out of things, the common-sense informing all their fantasy. The individual medieval artist would probably not himself have thought of all these details. One cannot think of everything, as they say. But they had all been thought out for him. He depended upon, he was

supported by, a tradition which was itself an embodied common-sense. But where is the common-sense, the comfort, the enlightenment of a world without bedroom candlesticks? To this have we come amid all our profusion of mechanical appliances.

This completeness of imagination is again shown in the representation of the stream. It is not merely a pretty stream, a gloomy stream, any stream, some particular stream. This stream is cosmical; it flows from the world's heart. It bears upon it and within it all that move in the waters. There go the ships; and such ships! They are the ships of St. Ursula. Who does not know, by the way, how a fleet of fishing boats at rest in their harbor seems to be a singing choir, to make a harmony? How often a discord is brought in, the beauty and the happiness of such a scene is marred by the presence of a "destroyer" or some such hideous and hateful monster in the midst of it. But in this cosmic river which flowed from Eden in the beginning, there are no such things. Its ships are "noble Christian merchantmen to sail upon the seas," as Mary Howitt says, or fishing boats that let down their nets for a draught. In both pictures the river teems with fish. But the most delightful detail of all is a mermaid, golden-haired, white-breasted, silver-scaled, who in the first picture swims between St. Christopher's legs. In one hand she holds a mirror, with the other she combs her hair. This fancy of the mermaid again is something one would never have thought of. Often, indeed, in old ballads and pictures one does come on things which it seems one would never by any possibility have thought of! But neither would the old painters and makers have thought of them by or of themselves. They were a part of the tradition—they were there for them. The mermaid no doubt came into this picture from Greece, by way of Byzantium. She belongs to the same world as Proteus rising from the sea, and old Triton with his wreathed horn. The creatures of the Greek mythology as well as the poets and sages of antiquity had a place in the popular imagination, and found their way into Christian pictures.

We are inclined to think that there was in the Middle Ages an imaginative conception of the world, a tradition of its history, if not shared by everybody, at any rate very widely diffused, and, of course, the common property of artists of all sorts. It was as much a part of their outfit as their brushes and colours. There was a mental picture of the great outstanding figures, who were not merely names, but who were realised in their habit as they lived, or, at least, according to the traditional representations of them. In Southern and Eastern Europe, possibly to some extent in Celtic countries, we believe that this still exists. To give an instance which may perhaps be thought trivial: we remember being told by a Russian or Polish barber in the course of his operations, that "the philosopher Aristotle always shaved his head." How did the man pick up such a curious little detail about a philosopher of four-and-twenty centuries ago? It may have been gathered from some book or the recollection of some bust seen in a museum. We are bound to admit that we cannot recall anything of the kind ourselves. Neither, though it has been our lot to talk to many barbers on a great variety of subjects, did we ever come across another who found occasion to mention Aristotle at all. We think it probable that here we hit upon a fragment of an age-long tradition, coming through the Christian centuries, but embracing the mythological creatures, the gods and sages of antiquity, preserved at any rate in part in a pictorial form by the Byzantine icon-makers. Peasants of the Western Islands still speak of "the Greek woman." From this traditional store-house the old painters took their materials. The world for them was a great temple of which the walls were frescoed with the creations of the human fancy and the shapes of the illustrious dead.

In the serene atmosphere in which these pictures were painted, we are far from a world of greed and lust and blood. A Director of Propaganda of Liberal and Humane Ideas (if such a functionary existed) would do

well to scatter these postcards about by hundreds of thousands. Liberalism, humanism, if you like (it is the same thing) is the sacred cause which poets serve. They diffuse a large unselfish view of things together with which Prussianism cannot live. To-day in these lovely frescoes we can find a parable. The stream through which St. Christopher strides, and in which the mermaid swims, is the world-stream. Black or leaden-grey by night, the dawn will show it grass-green and crystal clear, and in the full warmth and light of the sun it will take on such colours as were on the sea in the image of the world before the Creation, as it lay in the mind of God. The dumb giant, the great strong inarticulate common man, struggles through the ice-cold flood, carrying and saving for us all the precious Burden of Justice and freedom and peace. So at least we are told, and we try to believe it. We hope it is so. But it is still night, and we need the hermit's lantern. Is the hermit perhaps President Wilson? In the morning with the hermit's help we may see the Burden safely borne to shore, and the fair stream in all its colours, with its mermaids and fishing boats, its fruitful toil and happy fancy, but with no monsters of destruction and of death upon it.

Music.

A PLEA FOR THE PHILHARMONIC.

THE Philharmonic Society opened its season a week or two ago with all the signs and portents customary to the best orchestral concerts in London—an excellent orchestra, an interesting programme, and an infinite variety of empty seats, cushioned or otherwise. It is not my purpose to describe the concert beyond noting the fact that Mr. Landon Ronald, who conducted, gave an extremely good performance of Sir Edward Elgar's "Falstaff," a work which certainly is one of the best written in recent years, at least as good as the composer's Second Symphony and better than his First Symphony or Violin Concerto. My purpose is to call the attention of all persons interested in music to the Philharmonic Society, what it has been, what it is, and what it ought to be. In fact, this article is propaganda, open and avowed, almost governmental in its shamelessness.

It never seems to occur to the average amateur of music in London with whom I have discussed the question of orchestral concerts that London is, so far as I know, almost the only capital city in the world where you can, without taking thought, just walk in to a first-class orchestral concert. In Berlin, Leipzig, New York, Boston, or Philadelphia it is harder for a non-subscriber to get a seat at a symphony concert than for a Londoner to get into a popular revue at less than a month's notice. More than that, it is not easy in all cases even to become a subscriber. Incredible as it may appear to the Londoner, attendance at the great Symphony Concerts is a privilege, eagerly sought and socially desirable. Here, on the contrary, unless some musical "star" is announced, the taking of tickets is almost a favor, granted perhaps from a sense of duty or merely a sense of shame. Most amazing phenomenon of all, in some ways, the cheaper seats are not crowded with music students as in other countries. The reason of this I do not pretend to understand. Are the cheap seats not cheap enough? Are our musical students incurably incurious and lazy? The fact remains, be the explanation what it may, for us to note and regret immeasurably.

Now it is true that London has something to show on the credit side of the account. For instance, there are the "Proms," those unique and delightful popular concerts. Moreover, the actual amount of orchestral music to be heard in London, especially on a Sunday, is very considerable. All this is to the good, because, as a matter of fact, a multiplicity of orchestras and orchestral concerts is the greatest benefit music and musicians can enjoy. Unfortunately, there are not nearly so many orchestras as there are orchestral concerts, owing to the stage-army-like habits of our orchestral

players, who keep on appearing over and over again as members of different orchestras. Moreover, as we have no subsidized orchestras the outlook is necessarily quite commercial. Our greatest need in London is one first-class permanent orchestra not primarily affected by commercial considerations. It must have sufficient money at its back to have as many rehearsals as it needs—when will the public realize that this question of money for adequate rehearsal is the key to the whole problem of orchestral concerts?—and it must, consequently, be certain of never giving anything but a first-rate performance of any work, new or old. In short, it must set a standard for our other orchestral concerts, supplementing without superseding existing organizations. Can such an orchestra be established in London? I know that it can, and I believe that the Philharmonic Society is the proper body to do it.

The Philharmonic occupies a unique position in the musical world. It is, in theory at any rate, unquestionably our leading musical organization. Founded more than a hundred years ago, it has been connected with almost every composer of note since Beethoven; it has international status and reputation. In short, it is a society with a tradition. What is more, it already possesses the rudiments of a regular subscription public, to say nothing of a foundation fund. The most casual consideration of these advantages will, I think, be sufficient to convince anybody that the Philharmonic has the best possible abstract claims to the support of musicians. However, people may ask whether its concrete advantages are equal to its abstract claims. The answer is—sometimes. The Philharmonic, like other human institutions, has its ups and downs. When the directors are progressive and energetic the society thrives. When they are not, it languishes. Thus a year or two before the war a much needed revolution took place. True, not everybody approved the new policy, but at any rate it was policy, not mere sleep-walking. Then came the war, and the countless attendant problems and prejudices that for so long nearly stifled music in London. Had not Sir Thomas Beecham come to the rescue the Society might have been obliged to close down "for the duration." Nevertheless Sir Thomas' association with the Society can hardly be reckoned among his most happy experiments. At any rate, it has now ceased, and perhaps this is not altogether a disadvantage. Somehow the Philharmonic seems too national an institution to be ruled by an autocracy, however benevolent in intention. It should represent the unfettered taste of all that is best in the musical world.

Moreover, there is not the slightest reason why it should not do so. If only concert-goers of enlightened views and serious taste would combine and become regular subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts, the Society would have the money it needs and to spare. What right have we music-lovers to clamor for the endowment of music when by taking a little forethought we can produce what is, after all, the most important result of endowed music—a yearly series of impeccable Symphony Concerts? Lastly, it may be worth while pointing out to the doubtful and the critical that if there is anything they dislike in the policy of the Society the best thing to do is to join it and badger the directors till changes are made. To stay outside and merely carp and grumble is useless to themselves and everybody else. Let them come in and be a nuisance. It is only by being a nuisance that you get anything done nowadays.

F. T.

Short Studies.

THE NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.

AMONG the tales of Perrault, Andersen, or Grimm, is one about a good and charming prince devoted to the chase. I have a rather blurred memory of the story, as will happen with one's early education.

But it is something like this:

One day, the Prince and his companions, who delighted to rid the world of its wild marauders, came upon a quarry of peculiar strength, swiftness, endurance, and skill. They chased it throughout the day, changing one exhausted horse for another, losing hound after hound, and huntsman after huntsman. The creature led them to unexpected pitfalls and precipices, torrents, pathless forests, and quagmires. Many of the Prince's company perished in them.

The Prince, however, and a few companions held on, breathless, weary, but determined.

At midnight by the moon, after many days and nights, they came upon the quarry at bay. The Prince advanced upon it to give it the *coup de grâce*.

But all at once the creature made the sign of the Cross (or a symbol of that shape appeared between its horns), and it spoke with a human voice; saying that an evil magic had converted a peccant but not irredeemable youth into a solitary and destructive beast, and begging for help to remove the spell.

The means of doing this were of some difficulty, and, if to be undertaken, must be adopted at once.

The Prince deliberated with his friends, who were not all of one mind.

But I think that, being a noble and charming Prince, though by then tired, hungry, dirty, and dishevelled, and sorrowing for the loss of many of his company, both men and horses and dogs, he decided to believe in sudden transformation. And, if I recollect aright, all versions end by saying that they lived happy ever afterwards.

S. U. B.

Communications.

DO THE PEOPLE CARE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A great deal has been said about the want of interest shown by the electorate in the recent General Election campaign. In so far as there was indifference, it might easily be attributed to the very general feeling that the election should not have been held at all until the soldiers could record their votes. But there was also another reason for indifference, if indifference existed; and that was the evident growth of the conviction that Parliamentary institutions are worn out, and that it is time to exchange the indirect weapon of political action for the direct weapon of industrial action—in other words, for the strike.

This is not new to your readers, of course. It is only worth repeating because of its bearing upon the Labor aspect of the campaign that has just closed. I happened to have the chance of assisting some six of the Labor Candidates, five of whom could be said to belong to the extreme Left of the Party; and they based their appeal for election mainly on the necessity for giving Parliamentary Government another chance in this country, where its prestige has been recently so much weakened both by the autocratic methods of the Coalition and by the growth of the Soviet idea since the Russian Revolution. Nearly all the candidates for whom I spoke made this point; but they all insisted at the same time on the immense value of holding in reserve the direct weapon of the general strike, should the workers, owing to the "rush" tactics of the Coalition, fail to return a strong Labor representation to the House of Commons. At any meeting, applause would unfailingly be roused by reference to the importance of this kind of industrial action. This, in Labor audiences, at all events, lay at the root of the much talked of "indifference" to the General Election; and I should not call it by that name myself.

The Labor campaign, in short, might properly be described as anti-Bolshevist, in so far as Bolshevism may be held to stand for Soviet Government as opposed to Parliamentary Government, and leaving on one side the general principles of Bolshevism, which are, of course, only Socialism under a new name. Yet, although the return of Labor would mean the postponement of the Bolshevist form of government, the favorite accusation brought against Labor candidates during the election campaign was that of Bolshevism. The Prime Minister led the way in bringing this frivolous and wholly unfounded charge against the advanced wing of the Labor Party, with the result that "Bolshevik" ("Bolshevik" was the juvenile street version, I found), has now replaced "Socialist" and "Suffragette" as a term of abuse for any

reformer. In one London constituency, at least, the Coalition campaign seemed to be run almost entirely by means of abuse of this kind, with the result that the workers wearing the Labor colors were pelted with mud and, in some cases, roughly handled by the hooligans of the district.

The second method of argument adopted by the Coalition was to brand the Labor candidate as a German. It was considered a good joke, for instance, to prefix "von" to his name in speaking of him. In none of the cases known to me was there the slightest excuse even in the sound of the name for such a supposition. Yet a third method was to spread totally unfounded reports about the personal character of the Labor candidate; I am bound to confess that when the advocacy of free love was fastened on to a respectable woman candidate, who had lived in the borough for forty years, and when, in another case, the candidate (the integrity of whose public and private record is a byword in his neighbourhood) was said to be divorced because his wife had been laid up with influenza during the campaign and could not appear with him in public, the audiences merely rocked with laughter and refused even to be indignant—which was eminently the right line to take. But these things are worth mentioning as showing the straits to which the Coalition was reduced by its inability to refute the case for Labor. In all the six constituencies I visited, I never heard a reasoned argument advanced against that case.

Labor audiences on the whole were undemonstrative. I was never quite sure whether this was because they were tired of the whole business, or because the war had upset their whole standard of values with regard to the reasons for emotion, or whether they were there to acquire information and not to express their own feelings. But this apparent coldness only served to throw into sharper contrast the spontaneous outbursts of feeling that occasionally cut across the solemnity of the most leaden of gatherings. Invariably, the denunciation of secret treaties and secret diplomacy produced such an outburst. So did the demand for the abolition of conscription in any form. So did any condemnation of Allied intervention in Russia. So, in lesser degree, did the mention of the German revolution, or of the need for placing on the same footing self-determination within the Empire and self-determination for the Tehecho-Slovaks.

The interest shown in foreign politics would surprise many who imagine that Labor cares, as some one suggested to me recently, only for what it can "get," and not for what it has to "give." The popular reference to the general strike as a final resort was by no means always considered as an expedient for raising wages or bettering conditions. On one occasion I heard it threatened as a means of saving the Russian Revolution; on another, as a means of securing the Peace which Labor is justly suspicious may otherwise be compromised by secret diplomacy. And the idealism that lies behind the Labor programme was nearly always brought out by one or another of the speakers, and invariably stirred deep response in the audience. If you want idealism and a spiritual outlook to-day, go to the people whom Mr. Lloyd George sneers at as Bolsheviks.

It must be remembered that in nearly every case I stood upon the platform of an advanced thinker. But even so, it struck me as remarkable that the readers of the "Stunt" Press were either absent from the hall, or had failed to learn their lesson. Now and then, the candidate was asked if he or his sons had "been over the top," but only now and then, because his supporters on the platform so often had been! It was rarely the soldiers or silver badge men present who applauded such a question; and a courageous anti-militarist line was always appreciated. Once, when a questioner, armed with the latest Coalition red herring, asked about Germany paying for the war and the Kaiser being hanged, all those present, except a group of two or three round the questioner, warmly supported the candidate's logical presentment of the real position. I was struck, too, by the way the candidates appealed to the electors to think for themselves. "I don't ask you to vote for me," said one; "but I do ask you to think it out carefully before you vote for anybody, and to vote for the best man, whoever he is." Another reflection induced by the general tone of the meetings—I spoke at eighteen altogether, and most of them were crowded ones—was that the public school ideal, or what we used to consider the public school ideal, is more likely to be found to-day in circles composed of people who have never been to a public boarding-school or to college, than in those where one would expect to find it as a matter of course. It is not a Labor audience that will cheer when one reads out from an evening paper the headline—"Another humiliation for the Hun," or some other manifestation of the "un-English" desire to "hit a man when he's down."

These deductions may seem one-sided. Necessarily they are so. But they may serve as an indication of how a very important section of the people are looking at some things just now, and as a further indication of what is likely to follow if, through control of the Press and the other machinery of election propaganda, the Coalition tactics win and the next Parliament is unrepresentative of the forces that are seething in this country below the appearance of what is thought to be indifference.—Yours, &c.,

A NEW VOTER.

Letters to the Editor.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

SIR,—In your issue of December 14th, you published a letter under the title: "Does International Law exist?" The writer of it claims that it is wrong to speak of trying the ex-Kaiser and others under International Law, on the ground, as he alleges, that International Law does not exist; and he asserts its non-existence, because, as he holds, The Hague Conventions and international customs are "subject to the instinct of self-preservation, which upsets them all."

If this assertion is true, then certainly there are not, and never have been, any binding international rules; if it is true, then all the inhuman acts, all the licentious proceedings of the Germans were not unlawful, and their maxims of belligerent conduct, "Schrecklichkeit" (frightfulness), "spurious versenken" (to sink without leaving a trace), and the like, were perfectly legitimate, and the indignation and protests of the civilized world were all mistaken and out of place. In point of fact, the assertion is obviously untrue; it is but the paradox of an *advocatus diaboli*, or the gibe of a blind cynic. The whole body of international law, as well as all the codes of municipal jurisprudence, and even, indeed, the rudimentary rules of uncivilized tribes, have all been deliberately established for the very purpose of imposing restrictions on this "instinct of self-preservation," and preventing an individual or a community, as the case may be, from making exorbitant appeals thereto in justification of wrongful injury done to another individual or community. We cannot get away from the fundamental principle of human society—*ubi societas ibi jus*; and this predominates over and limits the "instinct of self-preservation," which could have free play in a Hobbsian "state of nature."

Moreover, there is a fundamental ambiguity in the views expressed by your correspondent. True, all human law recognizes the right of self-defence; but does it also recognise the right of attack without adequate provocation? The right of self-defence obviously implies a previous attack, actual or contemplated. I may, for instance, exercise the right of self-defence against a burglar by shooting him dead when he makes an attack on me or my property; i.e., my right exists because of his wrong. And so when Germany invaded Belgium, she could not plead self-defence in order to justify her forbidden act, for she was the assailant attacking an innocent neighbour on unjustifiable grounds. It was Belgium who could plead self-defence in excuse or extenuation of any extraordinary measures she may have thought necessary to adopt against a lawless invader. Besides, is your correspondent certain that the resistance offered by Belgium was due entirely and solely to the promptings of the instinct of self-preservation, and not at all to her resolve to fulfil her legal obligations?

So much for the general position. Now with regard to certain specific points mentioned by the writer of the letter, one or two may be referred to, it being impossible to deal with them all here. He quotes these words of Hall: "In the last resort, almost the whole of the duties of a State are subordinated to the right of self-preservation"; but he disregards the significance of the phrase, "in the last resort," of the word "almost," and the implication that the means in question are imperative and inevitable. Does Hall sanction the violation of women, the destruction of cathedrals, the looting of cities, the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians, the systematic terrorization of non-combatants, &c., as being permissible means for promoting the interests of self-defence? Indeed, your correspondent is unfair to Hall and to your readers, for he ought to have quoted also the sentence following the above (p. 278, ed. 1917): "It would be difficult to say that any act not inconsistent with the nature of a moral being is forbidden." And The Hague Convention, be it remembered, emphasises the sanction of morality, the dictates of humanity and conscience. Hall's words on page 280 are also overlooked: "As the measures taken where a State protects itself by violating the sovereignty of another are confessedly exceptional acts, beyond the limits of ordinary law, and permitted only for the supreme motion of self-preservation, they must evidently be confined within the narrowest limits consistent with obtaining the required end." The State in question is a menaced State. Was Germany in this position in July, 1914? Did she have recourse only to such acts as were appropriate to self-preservation? Why, the necessity for self-preservation did not even arise; at any rate, that is the view of the civilized world, whatever may have been the pretence at the time of the German fanatic and unrestrained militarists; indeed, the truth is now leaking out in Germany.

Next, a writer is quoted as saying: "International Law is no protection except against the strong," and your correspondent does not appear to see that this statement is contrary to his own position.

Again, he refers to Japan's invasion of Korea and Manchuria in 1904 in self-defence against Russia; but he forgets that these acts were due to Russian violation and abuse of helpless territories (Cf. Takahashi, p. 575; Hall, p. 643). As to the seizure of the Danish fleet in 1807, the writer overlooks the circumstances, and apparently does not know that his chosen authority, Hall, justifies it (p. 283).

Further, he quotes a resolution of the Institute of International Law: "The air is free. States have over it the rights only necessary for self-preservation." But he does not appear to realize that recent experience has shown the first statement to be hopelessly untenable, and—what is worse—he does not see that the second statement is a direct contradiction of the first.

Your correspondent also reminds us that Lord Grey said that we entered the war "in defence of British interests," and not only for Belgium. How does this support your correspondent's contention? Surely the protection of the weak against the arbitrary conduct of the strong, and the vindication of law, necessarily advance the interests of the community; this object is the very *raison d'être* of law.

And so on with the other examples given in the letter.

There is no need to comment on the nature of the reasoning that led your correspondent to draw his conclusion, on his disregard of distinctions, his confusion of cause and effect, his confounding the position of the innocent assailed with that of the unprovoked assailant, his reference to events without considering their relevant and material circumstances.

I cannot, in these days, undertake to carry on a correspondence upon these subjects, but think it right not to allow a contention of this kind in columns so influential as those of THE NATION to pass without criticism.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK SMITH.

Attorney General's Chambers, Royal Law Courts.
December 17th, 1918.

A PERPLEXITY.

SIR,—I have a creditor whom I much dislike and who owes me £100. I am told he is only worth £80, but naturally I should like to get more if he has it, and to make it as costly to him as I can. He is an ironmonger, and I badly want a good many things he has got in his shop, but a friend of mine says it would be fatal to let him pay in kind, as he would be sure to send stuff at less than cost price and deprive me of the joy of making frying-pans, &c., for myself. As this sort of dumping does the dumpee so much harm, I have hit upon a way of making it nasty for him. I will make him pay the debt by forcing him to take things from me at less than cost price. If I make him take £100 worth for every £50 he pays me, how much stuff shall I have to dump on him in order to raise my debt?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN PULLASS.

THE NEW SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—The letter of Dr. Bryan Donkin in your issue of November 30th, calls, surely, for some remonstrance from those who have conducted an independent and painstaking investigation for many years into the reality of psychic phenomena. For sixteen years my husband, Mr. J. Stewart McKenzie, and myself have done so in this country, and, in addition, he has experimented widely in the United States, where there are opportunities of seeing physical phenomena almost impossible in England owing to atmospheric conditions. He has a most sceptical mind, and is a severe critic of the careless investigator, and the inquiry has been made independently of any society—and at his own cost: the results have justified up to the hilt every claim made by the supporters of the subject.

Against such painstaking work—only one part of the careful investigation now being made—what has Dr. Donkin, Dr. Mercier, or Mr. E. Clodd to offer? One faithful period of research on their part would cover a multitude of sins, but of this I can find no trace, and yet the call is for "well accredited inquirers." Has Dr. Donkin read the contribution made by Dr. Crawford, D.Sc., of Belfast, to the subject, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" (Watkins, 1916)? Here is a scientist, recording facts obtained in a private capacity with an unpaid medium, laying down his own conditions on every occasion. The investigation is still going on under similar conditions, I understand. Before me lies one of the rare copies of Sir William Crookes's investigations in the 'seventies. He personally invited his scientific and medical friends to investigate with him in his own house, and with the best scientific apparatus, the claims of D. D. Home, and Miss Cook, famous physical mediums. With one or two notable exceptions they began to make excuses. Such prejudgment is wholly unscientific,

and certainly will not place Britain in the van of progress. "Well accredited" committees of responsible scientific men, sat constantly on the Continent previous to the war, and their findings are quite available: they have convinced themselves at least of the reality of the phenomena, although they may not commit themselves to definite statements as to the cause of same. They would smile at Dr. Donkin's "allegation of mediums that they are in a state of 'trance' during the manifestations." It is not a case of "allegation," but of proof, and as in hypnotic subjects, the "states" in mediumship vary in a dozen degrees from apparently normal to a high degree of insensibility. Hundreds of experiments have been made regarding this by Dr. Donkin's own medical friends.

He also refers to "the mental harm done to many persons who are in the habit of consulting mediums."

This "allegation" was used by Lord Halifax, in his attack on "Raymond," and its author, and it is hard to track down an ancient untruth. No such cases have come to my personal knowledge, and I may quote the words of Professor Enrico Morselli, Director of the Clinic of Mental Diseases at the University of Genoa: "Cases of madness among those devoted to modern psychic phenomena are very rare. In my long career among thousands of patients, I do not know of more than four or five."

Sir Oliver Lodge has often warned ill-balanced persons not to investigate the subject carelessly, and yet Dr. Donkin objects to investigators reading up the subject before they experiment. I may comfort him on this score by saying that of a hundred investigators probably seventy-five per cent. read nothing, and this in no way affects the results obtained, satisfactory or otherwise; but those who have read and noted the results obtained by others and the guide posts on the way, are more likely to digest the facts received in a wiser fashion.

Psychic science is an effort to replace superstitious beliefs, by a body of well-attached facts, and until our critics have some personal knowledge of these, why rush into print as they do?

Like many others, I have suffered the loss of a first-born in the war, and I can freely offer the testimony, that the knowledge, not belief, that the poor body did not hold my boy, has wiped away all tears. No orthodox science, nor orthodox church, gave me this ample assurance, but the "despised and rejected" facts of psychical research. I do not detect any brain softening in myself after these years of study and experiment carried on during busy public work and business management, but rather I find developing within me a more universal sympathy for the suffering of humanity to-day, and a longing that the truth which has made one free shall be available for all.—Yours, &c.,

BARBARA MCKENZIE.

1, Stanley Gardens, W. December 3rd, 1918.

Poetry.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

(BETHLEHEM, 1918.)

THERE shall to this table sit
Powers and Principalities,
Thrones, Dominions come to it
While all Heaven is on its knees.

Seraphin and Cherubin
This meek council-chamber throng;
Poor in spirit shall come in;
The long War has done them wrong.

All the little ones are here:
Ass nor ox is shut outside;
Cruelty and Hate and Fear
No more to the Wars shall ride.

Here the boundaries settled are,
Here the frontiers are made plain
For God's people, that no War
Grieve or torture them again.

Who is then our President?
Jesus, youngest, littlest,
Like a lamb and well content
In His Mother's milky breast.

When the Peace is signed and sealed
All the bells of Heaven shall ring
And the beasts kneel down in field
For to adore the peoples' King.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Philosophy of Plotinus." By W. R. Inge. Two vols. (Longman, 28s. net.)
 "The Life of Douglas Jerrold." By Walter Jerrold. Two vols. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)
 "The Marne." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)
 "By an Unknown Disciple." (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)
 "The Shilling Soldiers." By Denis Garstin. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)
 "Behind the Barrage." By George Goodchild. (Jarrold, 5s. net.)

* * *

I PUT on one side, with only a glance, the letter from a soldier in France. It was not the time to read it. "This week 'The World of Books' has got to be cheerful, and no war in it," I said to myself, and made the log from the old plum-tree more comfortable in its bed of flames. "It has got to be about books, too, for a change. Remember the season of the year! Remember Scrooge! Do remember Scrooge! And remember it is Peace. Remember—only, don't insist on it too loudly in the presence of soldiers—that you have certainly survived, even though you do not, like some distinguished men who sorted poultices at Boulogne, sport the Mons ribbon. Remember *some* of the Christmases you have spent, my friend, and what might have happened; and be jolly glad for this one. Bear in mind things like that."

* * *

I tried to bear them. Somewhere in the distant night I could hear boys in a neighbor's porch advising the household that "Born is the King of Israel." Ah! And a jet of steam from the log on the fire made a minute hissing sound in the quiet. For a long time nothing more happened, except a fall of ash; not even the beginning of this article. Then, more distant even than the voices of the boys had been—and, believe me, I liked to hear them, though glad they were not in my porch—I heard another sound, clear but small, appealing, and forlorn. It was an oboe. Away went all my cheerfulness (so much of that quality, I mean, as may be discerned here, as far as we have got), and I began to feel I could understudy the desolated dog who sits under a musician. For there is something uncanny about wood-wind. It is not earthly. It sounds not like the voice of the living, especially at night. If there is anything in that notion of William James which he calls "earth-memory," that whatever has been thought and done in the world has left its impress, is stamped indelibly on the air, and that, when circumstances are lucky and coincide, the forgotten past becomes apparent, is confidential with us, and reminds us, then a ghost used that oboe, for my hair stirred.

* * *

QUITE well I understood then that this is a new world we are in, but that some of us are not of it; for that fluting somewhere beyond was the world which once was ours calling across to me. "Here!" I said, exhorting some blithe sparks with a poker, "I am not going to stand it! This is worse than that sticky time before the war when we used to pretend that 'A Christmas Carol' could make red and soft again a dusty heart; though we always knew perfectly well it couldn't." But the oboe went on, in a gentle but penetrating minor, turning the back of the mind to the front, so that my log burned distantly in a place where I was not. "We shall be all right," I tried to persuade myself, struggling to be free, "when the Coalition Government gets to work and makes the world anew for us. Hurrah for Lloyd George, a large Army and Navy, more bombing planes, and Happy Homes!"

No use! The invocation would not work. What even is the Little Wizard from Wales compared with a distant oboe talking to such memories as we have now—and at night? In despair I clutched the letter from France, and began: "It will be of little use I suppose (said this officer to me) asking you to spare a moment from making the Millennium out of re-cast German guns, to consider the woes of a soldier. But spare it, if you can. I wish to forget that it is Christmas Day, and to call it only the 25th of December of any old year. So I want a book or two. You, who are so happy at home now you have won the war, don't know how we feel out here. I feel about as victorious as yesterday's 'Daily Mail' in a horse-pond. Compared with me, the man who never smiled again would have brought the house down at Hengler's. I am not going to explain to one of the heroes why that is so—but send me a book or two, quick. No blessed novels. No Dickens. Don't be funny, either, and send me Bairns-father, or things of the giddy kind. But I should like some old voyages, if you know how to lay hands on them. I don't mean Stevenson, or anything this side of 1870. Something without a comment in it, like Bates, only further back. In your exhilaration, do bear me in mind, and act at once; for, now the silence has settled on us survivors, we are inclined to be rather thoughtful, while still out here."

* * *

THE oboe was exorcised. It was veritably my own chuckle I recognised. If there were men like this about still, then the world would go on wagging in the way to which we were used, and preferred. For one book, he could have "Anson's Voyage Round the World," written by the racy chaplain to the ship "Centurion" of that expedition. He ought to get safely lost in that for a week, with care on his part. But good as it is—and if only modern writers of travel would stick to the point and make it as lively as the good chaplain, Richard Walter!—yet, as the chaplain says, "the most prudent dispositions carry with them only a probability of success," and to supplement Anson, I put aside "Cook's Voyages of Discovery"; much quieter stuff, for Captain Cook was such a great character and navigator and seaman (perhaps our greatest seaman) that his voyages had not any of that mismanagement and betrayal of unskillfulness which usually furnish the drama of exploration—its failure. Perhaps, though, only another seaman would appreciate the work of that fine navigator, whose surveys were so skilfully done that they remain on the Admiralty charts to-day. So I sacrificed Captain Thomas Musgrave's narrative of the wreck of the "Grafton" and of the doings of his crew for nearly two years when cast away on the Auckland Islands. Do you know that little book? The simple pictures in it of the great seas of the Southern Ocean, and of the brute coasts of dark islands there where man never goes except when his luck is out, like Musgrave's, are so compelling that when once I lent the book to a man who had been ill, and who wanted to read travel, he only just escaped a relapse. But a soldier who had been through this war might get a little comfort out of it

* * *

It is a pity I did not read the soldier's letter at first. Then I could have filled this page with Captain Musgrave and his adventures, quite easily. Is salvation so near as that, at times, when we feel hope burning low? But who would have thought old travel suggested in a soldier's letter from France, in such days as these? It reminds me of a story of Jefferies, who, I think in that mystical book the "Story of My Heart," relates how one clear night he was astonished to find that a bright favorite star was missing. The loss startled him; and presently, while staring into the night for it, the star moved from behind a leaf, which had obscured it. Jefferies speculated then as to whether what hides the light from us, if we but knew it, is no more than was that leaf.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

A TRAGEDY.

"Keeling Letters and Recollections." (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE record of Frederic Keeling is the record of a tragedy. The tragedy was national, because Keeling was characteristic of the nation which died in battle and won the war for humanity; and the record is a tragedy because the war was won only to be lost again. What Keeling died to save, is being daily trampled underfoot by men who claim to speak in the name of England.

Keeling was not what is called a born hero. He belonged too much to his generation to be that, and his generation was one to which the idea of war was fantastic and impossible. The whole vast world of freedoms lay open to it. It had been emancipated from tradition and convention by the criticism of the generation immediately before it; or rather, it believed that many things had been overthrown merely because they were obscured by the dust of the assault upon them. It was an intensely self-conscious generation, filled with a sense of self-importance by the vastness of the liberties flung at its feet. The gospel of self-assertion was everywhere accepted, either deliberately or implicitly. Life and the world were occasions for experiment, and the failure of the experiment was of little account. Irresponsible and egotistic, it was nevertheless a prey to the consciousness of insecurity that comes from over-intellectualizing experience. The discrepancy between impulse and conviction was insistent, and the remedy of enlarging conviction to square with impulse led merely to a mistrust of both. Contempt for the old was not balanced by any capacity to create the new; the desire to act was made sterile by indecision concerning what it was worth while to do. It was a generation which seemed for ever to be standing at the cross-roads of life, as rich in promise as it was poor in fulfilment. Of this generation Frederic Keeling, who died at the age of thirty in 1916, was typical. With it, he sought after a sign. A "queer" character at Winchester, an enthusiastic Fabian at Cambridge, blessed with a sufficiency of unearned increment, he flung himself, like the Russian students of the 'sixties, into the ardors of social service. These letters afford us rich material to construct the anatomy of his being at this time. Obviously the flame of his social passion, though fierce, did not burn very pure. It was rather the accidental outlet of an existing energy than the source of a new one. He longed, in his own repeated words, "to shift things," and there was more of the Aristophanic *Weltvernichtungsideal* than of social reconstruction in his desire. He seems to have conceived himself as a kind of primitive Aryan, a natural man, full of "By God's!" and beer, to whom the achievement of "joviality" was the crown of human intercourse.

Before he had emerged from this unsatisfactory phase, he married. Since the editor of the book has most wisely made public some of the details of this display of undisciplined energy, we cannot forbear to discuss it, for his actions here most clearly reveal his hardly conscious determination to make his social theories serve his idiosyncrasies. He left his wife almost immediately after his marriage, apparently because she could not supply conversation of the intellectual level which he thought fit to demand. To justify his own action, he proclaimed the theory of promiscuity as a social ideal. But he was unconvinced by his own defence. The failure of his marriage obsessed him, and in spite of all his abundant intellectual apologia a sense of his own responsibility tormented him. For a long while there was too much vanity in him for him to confess that he had committed the crime of treating a fellow human being merely as a means. His confession was always framed in general terms. "I never realised so clearly," he wrote, "what an infernally difficult business life is once you abandon some sort of tradition as a guide." Yet he knew, clearly enough, that his mistake was irremediable. "My family," he wrote in March, 1913, "unfortunately represents my first revolutionary phase." In other words, it was a marriage in theory, lacking the real substance of reciprocal sacrifice and reciprocal delights. Nothing could be made of it. It was no use as a refuge

and a road back into the common life, when the slowly increasing consciousness of his isolation became oppressive. This isolation came with the gradual disintegration of his Socialist ideal. His enthusiasm, like that of many Socialists, had been in the main dictatorial; he had desired to make man happy by Act of Parliament, and he was more interested in the satisfaction of enforcing the Act than in the happiness of the men controlled. They were units, and he was the disposer. This tendency in his mind became most insistent during a solitary period when he was at the head of a Labor Exchange in Leeds. Then he conceived himself as a bureaucrat with an element of Bushido asceticism, the perfect instrument of the omnipotent and unquestioned State. But the religion of Socialism could not sustain him; it could not maintain itself against the realities which he perceived. Socialists, he discovered, were vain and petty like other people; the ordinary people of England existed in their own right, independent of the problematic alchemy of the social revolution. Socialism as a system of material organization was valuable, but it was no longer the object of an enthusiasm. It left out of account the fundamental reality, which was the human soul.

Thus he became aware that he was uprooted. He had lost contact with the human soul; he had suffered his conception of life and his fellow-men to be mechanised. His old point of view had been too logical. The fire of his old enthusiasm had had no fuel. It burned out and left him cold. "There must be some background to it all," he wrote in June, 1914:—

"Nothing supernatural or ecclesiastical—I loathe the degradation of the human spirit by the priest as much as ever I did. I only want something to take the place of what I had as a youth in my dreams of a glorious marching Socialist democracy. I seem to find shimmerings of a substitute in a kind of almost Quaker-like belief in brotherly love apart from any theistic sanction."

This suggestion that brotherly love might be made, in some sort, his religion, sprang from the strength of his desire to be of one body with his fellow-men. "I crave," he wrote in July, 1914, "above all things to make myself a part of 'the social organism'—or whatever one likes to call it—as it is." The religion of the State as the mechanical bond between men was being superseded in his mind by the religion of the country as an organic bond between them. Before the war broke out he had discovered himself a patriot, because he discovered in himself a profound love of his fellow-men. But how was he who had discovered his need of contact to regain it?

To Keeling the war came at first as the god-given answer to his incessant question: What must I do? Enlistment was the opportunity for disciplined service to an ideal which his mind approved. Not that his mind made many difficulties about the cause in the first thrill of complete satisfaction. He was merged in the whole, as he longed to be; the imperious, uncomfortable, incalculable self was lost, now that he was set under an authority which he could not challenge. The very detail of discipline became a delight to him; and more than this, he entered upon a relationship with his fellow-men which had hitherto eluded his quest. What Charles Péguy profoundly called *le mystique* of soldiering entered into him. It was a craft, a religion, a voluntary dedication of himself:

"This service has its honor: that its gift
Bears no equality of recompense.
It is a solemn covenant, whose end
Lies in its own fulfilment. There's no force
Compels their signature: they've freely given
And freely do receive of wounds and pain."

Therefore the thought of conscription was abhorrent to him. It diminished his honor as a soldier, and, since the old invincible Adam had come to life in him when the clamor for conscription began to be raised, he now laid stress upon the cause as well as the craft. Liberty could be defended only by free men.

As in the old days he had felt himself subsiding from his revolutionary ardors to acquiescence in the slow advances of Liberalism, so now he found himself a Liberal in the most ideal sense of the word. But in the long agony of the Flanders trenches, with "nothing special to report" and one man in ten maimed or killed every night in the front line, this faith could not last. Not that he ever

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10,000 ENROLMENTS A MONTH!

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Remarkable Letters.

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by results. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:—

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, which doubled my salary (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes trebled and even quadrupled as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:—

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the perfectly natural method of progression. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives, it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

Worth a Hundred Times the Price.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:—

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:—

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:—

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

Results are Wonderful.

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:—

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly, no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through 2 lessons when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:—

"I admit having read your announcements for some 10 years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values."

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say:—'Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay.'"

Consider these Points.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE NATION who applies to The Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

despaired of or denied his ideal; his vision of future fraternity and reconciliation became almost painfully acute, and his sense of the almost identical humanity of the German soldier in the trench before him all but intolerable. But vision and belief of this kind could not sustain him. It was the craft and its honor which did that. He refused leave till all the men of his platoon had taken theirs; he refused the soft jobs offered him; he refused a commission many times. The comradeship of the sergeants' mess, the submersion of self in the collective emotion of a regiment, were sufficient, or all but sufficient, to him. Ideals he kept; they were high, and purified by his own ordeal: but he could not continuously keep them present. "I feel," he wrote, "as if my mind were twitching in the effort to clutch at the life of thought." There were moments when the convulsive effort was too much for him, and he let go all hold on the thought of a better world, and his imagination could conceive nothing fairer than the old world, unaltered but at peace:—

"I used to be primarily a reformer. . . . I still am it, *au fond*. But when I dream of *après la guerre*, I do not think at all of the great social problems which will immediately arise. I just think of the world—this good old cheery ball of earth—as a place of exquisite beauty, adventure, joy, love, and experience. I am perfectly content with it as it is. I even love its defects as we almost love the defects of a friend or lover who almost satisfies one. You will not find the man from the trenches is going to hate the German to the order of the politician, and refuse to buy German goods which are obviously preferable to the English product. By God! I can see the scene—before the peace, even during the armistice. The infantrymen will swarm over the parapets of the trenches on both sides and will exchange every damned thing which they can spare off their persons—down to their buttons and hats, and bits of their equipment—for 'souvenirs.'"

"Execration," he wrote at another time, "is a civilian trade." If we look for the belief which underlay that conviction, we find that it was not merely that the soldier has a higher code of honor and chivalry than the civilian. For all his devotion to the soldier's craft Keeling was too thoroughly aware that he was a soldier for one purpose only to accept such a belief as ultimate. He believed that the real England was in the Army, was the Army. His faith in the Army was a faith in England. The Army, created as it was out of the generous impulse of the flower of English manhood, had drained England of her finest force. What was left behind was colorless or alien, neither worthy of nor intelligible to the infantryman. The principal talk of the politician was not to be unworthy of the soldier; the soldier was the judge of the politicians. They were not England. He was. Keeling's faith in this was as transparently simple as it was profoundly true. But only when it is really appreciated is the monstrosity of Mr. Lloyd George's present treachery to the real England manifest in all its baseness.

How base is this treachery appears most nakedly in the clear light of Keeling's spiritual history. A second phase followed the complete submersion of himself in the social body of an Army which incorporated all that made England noble and lovely. This phase had been critical. Before it, the roots of Keeling's soul were in danger of starvation. He had gone his own way, trusting in his own energy and confident in his intellectual superiority. He had made intellectual equality his standard of vital relation. He had consorted solely with an *intelligentsia*, and in an overweening conceit had drawn a rigid line of division between the satisfaction of his intellectual and his bodily appetites. His very zeal for reform had been, in essence, no more than the desire for intellectual satisfactions divorced from the sympathy and understanding which alone can give them validity. To him the body politic and individual human beings had been *corpora vilia* for experiment. He had been slowly starving and approaching sterility because—let us say the word openly—he had no love. We are afraid, nowadays, to speak of love. We are afraid to speak of it because we know in our hearts that the breath of the very word will find us naked and shivering before the bar of the conscience which we have trampled down. Keeling had been typical of modern England in many things, but most typical of all in this that he had had no love. And love alone can save the world, and raise humanity above the condition of beasts to whom civilization has brought only a more complex appetite for brutal satisfactions.

Would that we could say Keeling was typical in his subsequent history. He who had had no love sought it and found it. Not consciously, but instinctively, he obeyed the greatest spiritual precept that has been given to mankind. "He who loseth his life shall save it." Keeling lost his tyrannous individual life when he subdued his soul to the comradeship of a band of devoted heroes. He was enriched by a new communion, and a generous love. And when the second phase began, he had found a faith worthy of himself. The band of heroes was dissolved, wasted and decimated by the hand of war. He was thrown back upon himself, but upon a self no longer starved and sterile by divorcement from humankind. He wrote in December, 1915:—

"I am separated from my battalion now, and even when I am in it the death and departure of the great majority of the men with whom I did my first year's soldiering prevents it from being the same corporate body which it once was for me. It seems no more than a mere necessity trough for shovelling us poor human units into the war machine; and as the idea of it has receded into the background, as a source of vision for making this life worth living, and this work worth doing, the idea of England as a whole takes its place. Religion I have no use for; it seems no good in this hell. Vision a man needs, but not shadowy wraiths; his gods must be like the old pagan gods that spring from the realities of the human heart upon the earth. Honor, patriotism, and comradeship are one's best stays. Patriotism we English have, but I think a far less cultivated patriotism than men of some other races. God forbid that we should cultivate it like the Germans. But a man may gain strength from refining and winnowing and treasuring his views of what he means by his country, just as men have undoubtedly gained strength by communing with what they call their God."

These are words so noble, so true, so evidently bearing in themselves the mark of the price paid to acquire the reality which they contain, that an agony of desolation seizes us when we look upon what has come of it all. That a man of Keeling's quality should have been killed to make a triumph for a demagogue whose every action has been an insult to Keeling's faith fills us with such bitterness that we could blaspheme against humanity itself. And Keeling was one of many, distinguished from the others by a gift of vision and expression. But his faith was theirs. He was the priest of their city of souls, and the temple wherein he sacrificed was the Temple of Humanity. A few weeks later (in January, 1916) he wrote:—

"I do not care for the poem you sent me, because in the bitterness of things out here I have no use for 'God' or for the sentiment that we in our holy righteousness are fighting a nation of brutes. I respect the Germans as soldiers, I sympathise with the poor devil of the German infantryman who goes through the same hell as I do in a bombardment, and I see the German point of view about the 'Lusitania,' the Cavell business, and other matters too clearly to feel any sympathy for the yap, yap, yap of the Press about these things. I am out to do my bit towards the inflicting as much as possible of a military defeat on the Germans. I am not interested in exaggerating their infamy. If it were a question of being deceived into believing them either better or worse than they are, I would choose the former alternative. Why? Because no conceivable good can be done to mankind at large by exaggerating the infamy of any nation. And speaking as a man face to face with the chances of death, I can honestly say that humanity and England's contribution to the Temple of Humanity are the only ideal conceptions for which I have any use."

"England's contribution to the Temple of Humanity"—that was Keeling's faith, as it was that of a hundred thousand others like him. And now the omens are that England's contribution will have been only their lives. "Hang the Kaiser!" "Make the Hun pay!" The malignant irony of it all!

Keeling was killed on August 18th, 1916. A future generation will read his letters side by side with the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George; and it will be overwhelmed by a sense of pity and wonder that such a sacrifice could have been made to such an end. To us who stand so near the event the calm which is necessary to pity and wonder is denied. It may be that in the whirligig of time we shall find our way back again to that faith in England which has been taken from us. But one thing is certain: to those of Keeling's wayward, generous, martyred generation who survive, faith in England will not be what it was. The bright shield has been tarnished. But the future may learn from Keeling's letters how bright it was, and how bright it could have been maintained if the English

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WHO LOVES THE BUREAUCRATS?

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I DO not love the Bureaucracy. I meet many people, interesting and uninteresting, passionate and cowlike, intelligent and unintelligent, idealists and high-dealists, literary men and journalists, artists and Royal Academicians, but I can find no one who does love the Bureaucracy—except the Bureaucrats, and even they do not love each other.

The Bureaucracy controls everything, except its own obsession to control, which is uncontrollable.

Now, although the Bureaucrats are mostly old men, it is remarkable that they contrive to increase like rabbits, and the Bureaucracy has now grown into a colossal army, unproductive, inefficient, uncreative, incompetent, destructive, and a stupendous charge on the country.

They are never constructive and always obstructive.

I have had it said to me on more than one occasion by High Officials, "They do not care about business." Meaning, of course, that the Business Community was not to be considered, that it was regarded as an unessential nuisance, something to be held in contempt, to be bullied, dictated to, thwarted, and crushed at will. But who is going to pay for the war?

The Business Community must no longer be content to live in the outer darkness, to be permitted to exist on sufferance as vulgar Taxpayers.

It sounds ironical to suggest even another Controller, but what we really need is a Bureaucrat Controller; someone who will curb their appetite for illogical and unnecessary interference, someone who will enquire into what "They" are doing, and who will restrict and "comb out" these tired, worn out, ignorant old men, and retire the majority of them to the peaceful asylums from whence they came.

If we do not smash the unlimited power of the Bureaucracy, it will smash us.

Turning to something less irritating and more productive, the House of Pope & Bradley despite innumerable war-time difficulties, continues to supply Service Kit and Mufti at prices still within the border line of sanity.



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Capt. G. E. Bairnsfather, R.N., C.B.E., writes:—"I think the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes most excellent, and shall have much pleasure in offering them to my friends."

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of the heroes and the martyrs had not been betrayed by her demagogues. "These ranters and intriguers," wrote Keeling in November, 1915, "seem to me simply a scum floating above the natures of all these types, that do stand for something real in England." Must it be that after three years only the scum remains?

"THE DARDANELLES."

"The Dardanelles Campaign." By HENRY W. NEVINSON.
(Nisbet. 18s. net.)

As long as the tragedy of "the Dardanelles" is remembered, this narrative by Mr. Nevinson will remain as its faithful and saddening representation. His book is, no doubt, but a forerunner. We shall hear more of that ill-starred adventure; and some of the histories of the Dardanelles campaign will be fuller, and may be informed with evidence of consequence which is now hidden because it will be better to disclose it later. And it is just possible that the story of the attack on Constantinople may be some day surveyed comprehensively and judiciously in the clear light of a time from which the dust and heat have gone; but anyhow, it is certain that all future accounts of the affair must go for direction to this original by Mr. Nevinson. It will be their fault.

In an appreciable measure, Mr. Nevinson is a partisan. He is, it seems, of the late "Eastern school" of the war strategists. If—you must understand—if we had been quicker, as we could have been; if we had been stronger, which was possible; if the East had been cut off from Germany; if the Russians had been released from the Caucasus; if . . . But what is war but speculation, leading unfailingly to loss, and frequently to disaster? What war was ever "won," when time had tested the results of it? What are all wars but the plans of guessers-in-the-dark, who have never yet, in all history, provided rightly for the margin of error in their calculations; but whose plans are accepted by the docile masses as being as materially assured of success as a German plan of scientific invasion—plans launched at last and irrevocable; and then almost at once becoming unrecognisable, changed in aim and nature by the mockery of chance? How long will the unlucky peoples who pay for wars and die in them, take to learn the lesson which is just written for them again in a continental desert of futile and untimely bones? The result of war is never what was devised; and even the so-called victor in it, taking his laurels from the gods, at length finds his garland is poisoned. The British soldier of this war, in a phrase of general use, has said throughout it all that can be said of war. His weary, quiet, and invariable comment was: "It is just bloody nonsense."

But that indeed is the impression given by this fine history—maybe given unconsciously, as though the nature of the case could not be hidden when such a writer as Mr. Nevinson is handling it, though his intent were on another quite different aspect of it; yet perhaps it is the deliberate craft of the author which gives it, his implicit criticism in his representation of the tragic drama, the illumination of the facts in a bleak and ironic light. Reading his cool and lucid narrative, with its careful qualifications and reservations and accurate poise of judgment, the avoidance in his words of what is emotional—for they leave the appeal to the stark reality of the tragedy—nevertheless Mr. Nevinson does create the picture of a group of valorous men, selfless, devoted to a purpose, but frustrated by stupidity and indifference at home, by persistent ill-luck, and baffled by the natural difficulties of their all but hopeless task. A tenacious enemy, superior in numbers and metal before them, the sea behind them, huddled in sun-baked drains on a narrow foothold, every yard of which was searched by the enemy's fire, weakened by disease, neglected by the directors of the cause for which they fought, they yet responded with a spirit which no adverse circumstance could daunt whenever the forlorn hope was sounded. Nothing remains of them but their bones, and the memory of a valor and pertinacity which is an earnest of what the human spirit could achieve, should one day a whisper of the Golden Age inspire it. No wonder our author quotes from the "Agamemnon": "Beside the ruins of Troy they

lie buried, those men so beautiful; there they have their burial-place, hidden in an enemy's land."

By such asides as that the author's mind is revealed; for the easy, limpid flow of his clear English seems impersonal, as though the language were running its own way in a natural channel, and you were listening to the inconsequential progress of words which go in a way fore-ordained. The reader is a little surprised to hear, at times, in what seems loneliness, a personal comment, which accords with his own unspoken thought of the occasion:—

"Doctors, nurses, and orderlies, all were short. Army surgeons and stretcher-bearers displayed their fine devotion in bringing the wounded to the beaches, both at Helles and Anzac; but in spite of the Navy's energy and fearlessness in control of the boats, many of the wounded remained waiting long for treatment; and in one case a fleet-sweeper crowded with Australian wounded went wandering from ship to ship in vain, and at last tied up against the General Headquarters ship (at that time, May 9th, the "Arcadian," to which Sir Ian had transferred); and upon the transports taking them to Alexandria—a voyage of two to three days and nights—the wounded suffered much. Many were unable to move without help, and no help was there. Most had been treated only with first dressings. In some cases the wounds corrupted. Many died. Warships, like the "Cornwallis," afforded as much room as they could, acting as clearing stations for the wounded, and transmitting the dead to a trawler which daily went round the fleet to collect them. The efforts of the fleet surgeons were untiring. But no scheme and no effort could avail against a false estimate of the enemy's strength and defensive power. Rightly or wrongly, the campaign from the first had been regarded in London as of secondary importance, and secondary provision had been made for an estimate of secondary loss."

That fleet-sweeper making the round of the fleet with a cargo of dying men, as though she were a peddler and brought the unprofitable, unable to get what she wanted because of some impersonal will two thousand miles away, is a fair example of the author's method. It is an unforgettable picture. Yet the reader might think that his indignation is the spontaneous comment of his own generous mind. Continually, while reading Mr. Nevinson's book, one closes it to brood on a thought or a picture it has evoked; for the labours and endurance of the men, their fidelity, their courage, their self-sacrifice, are as the play of atoms whose unavailing heroism seems the sport of malign destiny. Which is to say that Mr. Nevinson is an artist so subtle that he works his will upon a reader before one is aware of his purpose. This is admitted with some diffidence; for the artist, when he is working as a war-correspondent, a historian, a recorder, is invariably looked upon shyly by the British public, which with difficulty accepts as authentic a record that has the evidence related and lighted by high intelligence; with humanity, and the skill of a born writer. A narrative of that sort, of course, seems hardly natural to those accustomed to receiving evidence coarsely distorted to suit the exigencies of party politics. The humane and impartial man, who happens also to be an artist, and serves no mistress but the truth, must needs look something like a crank.

Indeed, Mr. Nevinson, in his effort to relate the whole of the Dardanelles affair, with its complex play of home politics and world strategy reacting on those few acres of scrubby rock, hardly does justice to himself. He desires to be fair to all the actors in that drama, whether he likes their acting or not. He tries to crowd in most of the evidence. It was hardly necessary. It was hardly necessary, again, to detail so minutely the attack on Sari Bair. Such an attack could never be understood by those who do not know the peninsula; except they had the aid of a large-scale map, to which they would have to give the closest attention, and some knowledge of military tactics. Anyhow, here is the history of the Gallipoli tragedy, as full, perhaps, as it need ever be given; and written in a measure which accords with the dignity and worth of the men who fell:—

"The time is fast approaching when the deserted Peninsula of Gallipoli, looking across to Troy, will be haunted by kindred memories. There the many men so beautiful had their habitation. There they knew the finest human joy—the joy of active companionship in a cause which they accounted noble. There they faced the utmost suffering of hardship and pain, the utmost terrors of death, and there they endured separation from those whom they most loved . . . the graves are obliterated, and the scattered bones that cost so much in the breeding have returned to earth. But in the history of the Peninsula of the Dardanelles, the Straits, the surrounding seas, and the islands

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set among them will always remain as memorials recording, it is true, the disastrous disabilities of our race, but, on the other hand, its versatility, its fortitude, and its happy though silent welcome to any free sacrifice involving great issues for mankind."

HEAVEN AND ELSEWHERE.

"On Heaven, and Poems written on Active Service."
By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE work of most war poets is a challenge only to criticism of execution. Mr. Hueffer's work is a challenge also to criticism of method. In a series of provocative prefaces accompanying his successive volumes of poetry published before the war, he had proclaimed the need for acceptance of the whole modern world by those who attempt creative art. Poetry must not only deal with roses and nightingales, old cathedrals and legends, it must find a place and interpretation for White Cities and long red motor cars, and the crowds that throng great towns, and the confusion of twentieth-century life. The terrific "knock-out" blow of the war has fallen alike upon tormentists and futurists and sent their thrones reeling. It is as if a clumsy hand had swept through palace and prison, crushing to pieces alike things hideous and beautiful. How have each responded? In private life it has sent Mr. Hueffer, over military age, as a volunteer into the trenches, to experience at first hand something of a universe where all the accepted standards have suddenly been toppled over. In literary effort, it has turned his mind from everything that was not war, into attempts to apprehend the meaning of war. This little volume of verse is one of the first-fruits of it.

These poems are dated in place and time: and the places are of familiar memory. "Albert," "The Ypres Salient," "Nieppe, near Plugstreet," "No. 2 Red Cross Hospital," "Rouen," and similar familiar titles reveal the experience from which they are created. Mr. Hueffer is chiefly concerned with setting down experience of emotion in the only medium of which he has first-hand knowledge—his own consciousness. "Clair de Lune" shows the moonlight where the tranquillity is torn by the noise of the machine guns, and the longing for a moonlight in which machine guns shall be silent. "What the Orderly Dog Saw" contrasts the vision of mud-colored men resting between "their practice in the art of killing men," and the vision of infinite miles of dark mountains and dark marshland and one there "sitting in the firelight." And in such a poem as "One Day's List," a lament over the comrades of his regiment—"Killed. Second Lieutenants, unless otherwise stated"—Mr. Hueffer is compelled to fall back from the bald summary of the newspaper to such ancient consolation as belongs no more to the twentieth century than to the twilight of human history.

"But we who remain shall grow old,
We shall know the cold
Of cheerless
Winter and the rain of Autumn and the sting
Of poverty, of love despised and of disgraces,
And mirrors showing stained and ageing faces,
And the long ranges of comfortless years
And the long gamut of human fears . . .
But for you, it shall be forever Spring,
And only you shall be forever fearless,
And only you have white, straight, tireless limbs,
And only you, where the water-lily swims,
Shall walk along the pathways thro' the willows
Of your West . . ."

Many of these poems have a curious quality of reverie. The writer is looking on, almost dispassionately, at the current of thought in the mind. He notes the external impressions conveyed from without, the influence of memory and experience conveyed from within. "What is love of one's land?" he finds himself asking, as he hurries through England by the 1.10 train from Cardiff, to return to the battle-line. He hears around him the contented people at lunch, the robber barons and profiteers of South Wales, "with heads together, buzzing of local topics, of bankrupts and strikes, divorces and marriages." He sees through the windows the rich, green England slipping by him: fields and flowers under the high sky where the great cloud towers above the tranquil

downs and the tranquil towns. Memories crowd in upon him of the hurry and rush of departure; the seemingly casual, love-concealed good-byes.

Memories crowd in also of the world soon to be entered, remote and far alike from this trivial chatter and fierce love: "the mire and stress" of the "seven hundred hells"; the places where the sun squanders his radiance and the midges dance their day-long life away over the green and grey of the fields of France; the discomfort, the dirt, the wet and cold, the "lines of queer, warped faces of men that now are dead"; the Battalion Concerts, where

" . . . fumes
Of wet humanity, soaked uniforms,
Wet flooring, smoking lamps, fill cubical
And wooden-walled spaces, brown, all brown,
With the light-sucking hue of the Khaki . . .
And the rain
Frets on the pitchpine of the felted roof
Like women's fingers beating on a door
Calling 'Come Home' . . . 'Come Home,'
Down the long trail beneath the silent moon . . .
Who never shall come . . ."

Two statements sum up all these present experiences and past memories: "All this is in the contract"; "And this is what we die for." But at the last the question has been answered in a sudden apprehension of an emotion which defies intellectual analysis—

"What is love of one's land?
Ah! we know very well
It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,
For a month, something that keeps
Very hidden and quiet and still,
And then takes
The quiet heart like a wave,
The quiet brain like a spell,
The quiet will
Like a tornado, and that shakes
The whole being and soul . . .
Aye, the whole of the soul."

"On Heaven," published before the war, is far the most ambitious of these poems. In face of war's realities, Mr. Hueffer finds it "sloppy." But he recognises its appropriateness to the atmosphere of loss and longing in which the war is waged; and "the conviction," he states,—"or it might be more modest to say, the hope!—that it will bring comfort to the hearts of some of my comrades and some of the women folk of my comrades, have made me resuscitate the poem." For the author under the guise of a description of escape from a little sleepy town near Lyons with the lady he has loved and waited for during nine long years, into the passionate, warm, and friendly tranquillity of a rich-scented evening in an old Provençal city, is pleading for a material Heaven; for a Heaven, at least, in which something equivalent to the actual, material joys of earth life may be given to the storm-tossed company of mankind. "I think that in these sad days and years, we have got to believe in a Heaven," he declares, "and we shall be all the happier if it is a materialist's Heaven." "I know, at least, that I would not keep on going if I did not feel that Heaven will be something like Rumpelmayer's tea shop, with the nice boys in khaki, with the haze and glimmer of the bright buttons and the nice girls in the fashions appropriate to the day, and the little orchestra playing 'Let the Great Big World . . .'" For our dead wanted so badly their leave in a Blighty which would have been like that—they wanted it so badly that they must have it. "We must have some such Heaven," he cries, "to make up for the deep mud and the bitter weather and the long, lasting fears and the cruel hunger for light, for graciousness and for grace." So he draws his picture of the southern night, with rest after the toil of the day in the cool of the even in front of a café.

TWO NOVELS.

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our invention—a reviewer has no feelings—but an adjectival condensation of the spirit and atmosphere of the book. Sir Rider indeed gives us his verdict, if indirectly, without any flinching, and, as he would be just in affirming, according to the letter of the Scriptures. We see them as a cruel, narrow, predatory, savage and noisy people, with a God made in their very image, and compared to whom the corrupt and tyrannical Egyptians were comparatively civilized. This attitude, of course, makes the book much more interesting than the usual mechanical romance, and, for that reason, it is a pity that Sir Rider has not made a far bolder departure from the current conventions of the semi-historical novel. As it is, he seems to hesitate between an original interpretation of the material and a decorative staging of incidents which offer a somewhat obvious treatment of narrative device. The supernatural element is, for instance, too obtrusive, and reduces a broadly dramatic conflict full of psychological opportunity to a vulgar contest between rival national conjurers. Yet Sir Rider is alive to the less material implications of his theme. The gifted, philosophical and humane Prince Seti, who succeeds the usurper Amenmeses, drowned in his pursuit of the Israelites, as Pharaoh, and who was disinherited by his father, because—sensible man—he was always in favor of letting them go, remarks: "To men's eyes God has many faces, and each swears that the one he sees is the only true God. Yet they are wrong, for all are true." We do indeed hear a good deal of this promising young man, but more of his doing than his thinking. But how much might have been made of him—a sort of modern chorus, commenting upon the clash between the complex, semi-enlightened polytheism of the Egyptians, and the single-minded, ferocious tribal monotheism of the Israelites! The opening is fascinating. Yet perhaps we ask too much of Sir Rider, not more than he could give, but than the imposed conditions of popular romanticism will allow him. We are, at any rate, grateful for the hints and gleams of so striking an intellectual purpose.

The plot of "The Street of Gold" is so preposterous that it is rather enjoyable. Nance Abbott is a fragile and incomparably lovely society girl who is in love with a poor man, one Blair Cornwall. She flirts with him, but will not commit herself. Then crossing the Atlantic (Blair in the steerage) she is shipwrecked, and he and she are the sole survivors. With no help and a certain death in three days at hand, she casts all her ambitions overboard and gives herself to him. Then, at the eleventh hour, a ship appears, and Nance, thinking once more of frocks and chocolates, asks her lover to remain on the sinking wreck. Drown, she says, to save my honor. Blair (we were afraid he might be) is not quite so imbecile as to obey her, and appears later under a false name. Then when he is recognized by Nance (it takes many pages and meetings) and goes to the trenches, Nance makes the Great Renunciation and, to save Blair the fortune he had come into, confesses her guilt to the pictorial press. The chivalrous Blair leaps back from Ypres to the bedside of his beloved and stands worshipping as we close the book. There is a kind of decent feeling and sincerity in the author which prevents us from reading her book as frank farce, but the soft music played at the end over this foolish man and abominable woman is so grotesquely arbitrary and discordant that we have something of an ado to keep our faces.

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The Week in the City.

UNDER the powerful pressure of incessant demands from business men, the Government and its innumerable controllers are at last being forced reluctantly to draw in some of their trade tentacles and to relax their hold upon the markets. On Wednesday morning, for example, the London Metal Exchange resumed free and open dealings in copper, tin, lead, and spelter. But the system of favoritism known as import licenses is still bolstering up prices in many trades, and, except for the release of some thousands of miners, demobilisation has hardly begun. The war with Russia and the outcrop of troubles all over the Continent are still adverse factors, and people are beginning to see the seriousness of the debt problem. War borrowing still continues on a huge scale, and the issues of paper currency are still being enlarged. Money, however, is surprisingly cheap, considering the prices that are being paid for accommodation in most parts of the world. In Sweden, for instance, they are charging a good Finnish bank 10 per cent. for temporary loans. The discount rate remains at about 3½ per cent. Consols are dull at about 59½. French Fours are above 69, which is high considering the state of the French Debt. Russian Bonds are lower, and Home Rails are losing the advances which followed Mr. Churchill's announcement about nationalization. Rubber shares are improving, thanks to the resumption of free imports of rubber from the United States.

ANOTHER BANK AMALGAMATION.

Another addition is made this week to the list of bank amalgamations which we have seen steadily lengthening during the past year. The new announcement is that of a proposed fusion of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England with the Bradford District Bank. The former bank, it will be remembered, is in itself the result of a recent amalgamation between the National Provincial and the Union of London and Smith's. Under the proposed amalgamation, the shareholders of the Bradford District Bank will receive two shares of £60 each (£12 paid) of the National Provincial for every five shares held, provision being made for the adjustment of fractions by cash payment on the basis of £14 per share in the Bradford District Bank. Bradford District Bank shareholders are to receive a little windfall. For under the agreement they are to receive a full 16 per cent. in respect of 1918 on the amount paid up on the National Provincial shares allotted to them under the fusion scheme. In addition, credit is to be taken for the interim dividend paid by the Bradford District Bank in July last. This means that an extra £42,398 will be available for distribution, and the Bradford District shareholders will receive 19 1-5 per cent., or 15s. 4d. per share, against 13½ per cent. or 11s. per share in recent years. The National Provincial has recently announced its intention to make a new issue of capital. When this has been done, their paid-up capital will amount to £7,050,000, and their reserve fund to £5,573,116. Taking the balance sheets at June 30th, 1918, the combined deposits were about £185,500,000, and combined advances to customers, £71,000,000. There can be little doubt that the respective shareholders will sanction the proposals.

PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

The twelve months ended June 30th last prove to have been far the best financial period for the Peruvian Corporation since the outbreak of the war. Railway revenue was particularly good, net receipts being £483,263, compared with £400,212 in the previous year. The Government again, as for the previous two years, paid up its full stipulated annuity of £80,000, and an additional £30,000 on account of arrears. These payments are included in "other income," which totalled £139,338, or some £13,000 less than in 1916-17. The net profit was some £72,000 higher at £388,596. After adding the sum brought forward and deducting various charges, the available balance is £381,839. An additional 2 per cent.—making 6 per cent. in all—is to be set aside for debenture interest. This, together with allowance for amortisation, will claim £108,000. The directors then propose to pay a dividend of £1 10s. per cent. on the Preference stock, which will absorb £111,861, leaving to be carried forward £161,978. As last year, income from guano, which in 1915 was as high as £136,843, do not appear at all, as the law of 1915 which made its loading impracticable is still in force. If this dispute could be settled the outlook for the holders of Peruvian Preference stock would improve substantially.

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